

Lib.

Judith J. Harris

Robert Harris's handling of the

" of the  
character

are

— Difference in Port of 2  
qualifications of Verona +  
last labor lost

Horne

Hal

Henry IV

H. T. Wright

Bishops

conception  
of the character

From 1596 on Shakespeare was  
a Dramatist.

Shakespeare England - Perseus 165  
of travel 665

Read - Part I - Richard II

Richard III  
(No tragedy Shakespeare  
wrote on his own)

Look up approached + comprehended

- 1) Different Conceptions of Love  
in Henry IV - Part I.
- 2) <sup>of</sup> Love scenes of the Background  
1) Lines.  
2) Shakespeare's use of background
- 3) Letters.
- 4) The Women.
- 5) The Historical Elements









Perhaps Fairbank was as he  
said. "A coward or intestine"  
neverly he was not just  
a foolish braggard or is  
shown by his discourse  
or honor.



HOTSPUR (reading): "But for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house"

KING HENRY IV Part I Act II Scene 3

A decorative border of roses and leaves in red and green ink surrounds the central text area. The roses are in various stages of bloom, and the leaves are detailed with veins.

Booklovers Edition

*Henry IV  
First Part*

by  
William Shakespeare



*With Introductions,  
Notes, Glossary,  
Critical Comments,  
and Method of Study*



The University Society  
New York

Copyright, 1901  
By  
THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY

PR

2810

A 2

1901

## HENRY IV.—Parts I. and II.

## Preface.

**The Early Editions.** (I.) *The First Part of King Henry the Fourth*, entered on the Stationers' Registers, under date of February 25, 1597-8, appeared for the first time in a Quarto edition, with the following title-page:—"The History of Henrie the Fourth; with the battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henrie Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir Iohn Falstaffe. At London. Printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Angell. 1598." (Cp. Grigg's Facsimile edition.)

No less than five subsequent Quarto editions appeared before the publication of the play in the first Folio; they were issued in 1599, 1604, 1608, 1613, 1622. Other Quartos belong to the years 1632 and 1639. Each edition seems to have been derived from its predecessor.

The title of the play in the Folio is, "The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of Henry Surnamed Hotspurre." The Cambridge editors refer the Folio text to a partially corrected copy of the fifth Quarto. The earlier Quartos were, however, probably consulted by the corrector.

(II.) *The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth* was first published in Quarto in 1600, with the following title-page:—"The Second part of Henrie the fourth, continuing to his death, and coronation of Henry the fifth. With the humours of Sir John Falstaffe, and swaggering Pistoll. As it hath been sundry times publicly acted by the

right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. London. Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise and William Aspley. 1600." (*Cp. Grigg's Facsimile edition.*) The play was entered by the publishers upon the Stationers' Registers on August 23rd of the same year.

By some accident the first scene of Act III. had been omitted in some copies of the Quarto. The error was rectified by inserting two new leaves, the type of some of the preceding and following leaves being used; hence there are two different impressions of the latter part of Act II. and the beginning of Act. III. ii.

The text of this Part in the first Folio was probably ultimately derived from a transcript of the original MS. It contains passages which had evidently been originally omitted in order to shorten the play for the stage. "Some of these are among the finest in the play, and are too closely connected with the context to allow of the supposition that they were later additions, inserted by the author after the publication of the Quarto" (Cambridge editors). Similarly, the Quarto contains passages not found in the Folio, and for the most part "the Quarto is to be regarded as having the higher critical value."

**Date of Composition.** There is almost unanimity among scholars in assigning 1 *Henry IV.* to the year 1596-1597. (i.) According to Chalmers, the opening lines of the play "plainly allude" to the expedition against Spain in 1596. Similarly the expression 'the poor fellow never joyed since the price of oats rose' (II. i.) may be connected with the *Proclamation for the Dearth of Corn*, etc., issued in the same year. The introduction of the word 'valiant,' detrimental to the metre of the line, in Act V. iv. 41,

*"The spirits*

*Of (valiant) Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms,"*

may perhaps also point to 1596-7 as the original date of



composition: the Shirleys were knighted by the Queen in 1597.

(ii.) The earliest reference to the play occurs in Meres' *Palladis Tamia*, 1598; while Ben Jonson ends his *Every Man Out of His Humour* with the words, "You may in time make lean Macilente as fat as Sir John Falstaff." In the *Pilgrimage to Parnassus*, acted at St. John's College, Cambridge, Christmas, 1598, there are what seem to be obvious reminiscences of the tapster's '*Anon, Anon, Sir.*'\* The point is of special interest in view of Mr. H. P. Stokes' suggestion that 1 *Henry IV.* was itself originally a Christmas play of the previous year, 1597.

(iii.) General considerations of style corroborate these pieces of external evidence; its subtle characterization, "its reckless ease and full creative power," its commingling of the serious and the comic, its free use of verse and prose, make the play "a splendid and varied historic tragi-comedy" rather than a mere "history,"—"historic in its personages and its spirit, yet blending the high heroic poetry of chivalry with the most original inventions of broad humour" (Verplanck). *Henry IV.* bears, in fact, the same relationship to *Richard III.*, *King John*, and *Richard II.* that *The Merchant of Venice* does to such early comedies as *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Two Gentlemen*, *Comedy of Errors*, etc. The simple plots of the earlier histories gave place to the more complex *Henry IV.*, much in the same way as the simple love-comedies were succeeded by the polymythic method of *The Merchant of Venice*. As far as the introduction of prose is concerned, the case of the present play is specially remarkable;† the earlier historical pieces, following the example of Marlowe's *Edward II.*, contained practically no prose at all. Similarly, in his avoidance of rhyme as a

\* Cp. "I shall no sooner open this pint pot but the word like a knave-tapster will cry '*Anon, Anon, Sir.*'" etc.

† 1464 lines of prose occur in 1 *Henry IV.*, and 1860 lines in 2 *Henry IV.*, out of a total 3170 and 3437 lines respectively.

trick of dramatic rhetoric, Shakespeare shows, in *Henry IV.*, that he has learnt to differentiate between his lyrical and dramatic gifts. His earlier work in the department of history was indeed largely experimental, and bore many marks of Shakespeare's apprentice hand; none of these previous efforts produced a typically Shakespearian drama; in *Henry IV.* Shakespeare, as it were, discovered himself.

The *Second Part of Henry IV.*, "at once the supplement and epilogue of the first part, and the preparation for the ensuing dramatic history of Henry V.," may with certainty be dated 1598-9. Ben Jonson's *Every Man Out of His Humour*, acted in 1599, contains an early allusion to Justice Silence.\* It was probably not written, as has been maintained on insufficient ground, before the Stationers' entry of 1 *Henry IV.* in 1598, the title-page of the first Quarto of Part I., as well as the entry, imply that no second part was then in existence. 'Christmas, 1598,' may perhaps be the actual date of its first production.

**The Sources of the Plot.** The materials of both parts of *Henry IV.* were derived from (I.) Hall's and Holinshed's *Chronicles*, and (II.) from the old play of *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, which was acted before 1588, and of which editions appeared in 1594 and 1597 (Hazlitt, *Shakespeare Library*, Pt. II. i. 323).

(I.) On the whole, Shakespeare has followed history closely in this play; among the most striking deviations is, perhaps, Shakespeare's intentional change in making Hotspur and the Prince of the same age, in order to heighten the contrast between them. The characters of Glendower, Northumberland, Mowbray, the Archbishop, and Prince John, as well as that of Hotspur, have all undergone slight changes at Shakespeare's hands. Noteworthy errors (due to the original *Chronicles*) are:—(i.) calling the Earl of Fife son to the beaten Douglas—

\* *Savi.* What's he, gentle Mons. Brisk? Not that gentleman?  
*Fasl.* No, lady; this is a kinsman to Justice Silence.

an error due to the omission of a comma in Holinshed; (ii.) confounding the Edward Mortimer, prisoner, and afterwards son-in-law of Glendower, and second son of the first Earl of March, with his nephew the Earl of March, entitled to the throne by legitimate succession, at this time a child in close keeping at Windsor Castle. Hence, in one place, Lady Percy is correctly styled Mortimer's sister, in another she is referred to as his aunt (Lloyd, *Critical Essays*, p. 228; Courtenay's *Commentaries on the Historical Plays*, I. pp. 75-159).

(II.) The old Chronicle of *The Famous Victories* certainly provided Shakespeare with substantial hints for the comic element of his play,—“Ned, Gadshill, the old tavern in Eastcheap, the hostess, the recognition of Sir John Oldcastle, or at least his horse, down even to the ‘race of ginger,’ that was to be delivered as far as Charing Cross, meet our eyes as we turn over the pages,” but, in the words of the same critic, “never before did genius ever transmute so base a *caput mortuum* into ore so precious.”

**Falstaff.** Sir John Oldcastle, one of the Prince's wild companions in the old play, appears to have been the original of the character subsequently called Sir John Falstaff. A trace of the old name is still to be found in 1 *Henry IV.*, where the Prince addresses the knight as ‘*my old lad of the castle*’ (I. ii. 45): in 2 *Henry IV.* (Quarto 1), the prefix *Old.* is found before one of Falstaff's speeches. The fact that “Falstaff” was substituted for “Oldcastle” throughout the plays perhaps explains the metrical imperfections of such a line as ‘*Away, good Ned, Falstaff sweats to death*’ (II. ii. 112). In the final Epilogue the change is still further emphasised (*vide* Note on the passage, 2 *Henry IV.*). The tradition, however, remained, and in the Prologue to the play of *Sir John Oldcastle* (printed in 1600, with Shakespeare's name on the title-page of some copies) direct reference is made to the degradation the Lollard martyr had suffered at the hands of the dramatist:—

*"It is no pampered glutton we present,  
Nor aged counsellor to youthful sin,  
But one whose virtue shone above the rest.  
. . . . Let fair truth be graced,  
Since forged invention former times defaced."*

As late as 1618, Nathaniel Field, in his *Amends for Ladies*, referred to "the fat Knight, hight Oldcastle," and not to Falstaff, as he who "truly told what honour was." This single passage, in Mr. Halliwell's opinion, would alone render it highly probable that some of the theatres in acting *Henry IV.* retained the name after the author had altered it to that of Falstaff. (Hence it is inferring too much to argue from the prefix '*Old.*' in a single passage, 2 *Henry IV.*, I. ii. 137, that the Second Part of the play was written previously to the date of entry of the First Part, in February, 1598.)

There is in this case abundance of evidence to confirm the ancient tradition handed down to us by Rowe, that "this part of Falstaff is said to have been written originally under the name of Oldcastle; some of that family being then remaining, the Queen was pleased to command him to alter it." Many Protestant writers protested against the degradation of the famous Lollard. "It is easily known," wrote Fuller in his *Worthies of England* (ed. 1811, ii. p. 131-2), "out of what purse this black penny came; the Papists railing on him for a heretic, and therefore he must also be a coward, though indeed he was a man of arms, every inch of him, and as valiant as any in his age." \*

"Now," continued old Fuller, "as I am glad that Sir John Oldcastle is put out, so I am sorry that Sir John Fastolfe is put in. . . . Nor is our comedian excusable by some alteration of his name; . . . few do heed

\* *Cp.* Tennyson's *Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham*, with its noble vindication of the martyr's character:—

*"Faint-hearted? tut! faint-stomached! faint as I am,  
God-willing, I will burn for Him."*

the inconsiderable difference in spelling of their name." Falstaff seems indeed to owe something more than his mere name to the famous Sir John Fastolf (c. 1378-1459), the degradation of whose character comes out so strongly in 1 *Henry VI.* (III. ii. 104-9; iv. 19-47), "where Fastolf (spelt Falstaff) is portrayed as a contemptible craven in the presence of Joan of Arc's forces; and as publicly stripped of his garter by Talbot."

Perhaps Fastolf's reputed sympathy with Lollardism may, as Mr. Gairdner suggests, have encouraged Shakespeare to bestow his name on a character bearing the appellation of an acknowledged Lollard like Oldcastle. Both characters suffered at the hands of their enemies; but the historical Sir John Fastolf, even as the historical Sir John Oldcastle, found many enthusiasts ready to defend his memory.

"To avouch him by many arguments valiant is to maintain that the sun is bright," wrote Fuller in the noteworthy passage already quoted, though the stage hath been overbold with his memory, making him a *threasonical puff*, and emblem of mock valour."\* (*The Character of Sir John Falstaff*, by J. O. Halliwell, 1841; Gairdner and Spedding's *Studies*, pp. 54-77, "*On the Historical Elements in Shakespeare's Falstaff*"; vide "*Sir John Fastolf*" in *Dictionary of National Biography*, by Sidney Lee, etc.); *cp.* Preface to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

**Duration of Action.** (I.) The time of 1 *Henry IV.*, as analysed by Mr. P. A. Daniel, covers ten 'historical' days, with three *extra* Falstaffian days, and intervals. Total dramatic time, three months at the outside (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.*, 477-79):—

\* "The magnificent knight, Sir John Fastolf, bequeathed estates to Magdalen College, Oxford, part of which were appropriated to buy liveries for some of the senior scholars; but the benefactions in time yielding no more than a penny a week to the scholars who received the liveries, they were called, by way of contempt, *Falstaff's buckram-men*" (Warton).

## Preface

## PARTS I. AND II. OF

*Day 1.* Act I. i. London. News of the battle of Holmedon, etc. *Interval:* a week (?). Hotspur comes to Court.

[*Day 1a.* Act I. ii. London. Falstaff, Prince Hal, etc. The robbery at Gadshill planned.]

*Day 2.* Act I. iii. Rebellion of the Percys planned. *Interval:* some three or four weeks.

*Day 3.* Act II. iii. Hotspur resolves to join the confederates at Bangor. *Interval:* a week. Hotspur and Worcester reach Bangor.

[*Days 2a, 3a.* Act II. i. ii. iv.; (Act III. ii.)]

*Day 4.* Act III. i. Bangor. *Interval:* about a fortnight.

*Day 5.* Act III. ii. Prince Hal and his father. *Interval:* about a week.

*Day 6.* Act III. iii. Prince Hal informs Falstaff of his appointment to a charge of foot for the wars. *Interval:* a week.

*Day 7.* Act IV. i. Rebel camp near Shrewsbury. *Interval.*

*Day 8.* Act IV. ii. Near Coventry.

*Day 9.* Act IV. iii. The rebel camp. Act IV. iv. York.

*Day 10.* Act V. i. to v. The battle of Shrewsbury.

The historic period represented ranges from the defeat of Mortimer by Glendower, 12th June, 1402, to the Battle of Shrewsbury, 21st July, 1403.

(II.) The time of 2 *Henry IV.* occupies nine days as represented on the stage, with three extra Falstaffian days, comprising altogether a period of about two months:—

*Day 1.* Act I. i. *Interval.*

*Day 2.* Act I. iii.; Act II. iii. *Interval* (within which fall *Day 1a:* Act I. ii. and *Day 2a:* Act II. i. ii. iv.).

*Day 3* (the morrow of *Day 2a*): Act III. i. *Interval.*

*Day 4.* Act III. ii. *Interval.*

*Day 5.* Act IV. i.-iii. *Interval.*



# KING HENRY IV.

## Preface

Day 6. Act IV. iv. v.

Day 7. Act V. ii. *Interval* (including Day 3a: Act V. i. iii.).

Day 8. Act V. iv.

Day 9. Act V. v.

The historic period covers from 21st July, 1403, to 9th April, 1413.



The Battle of Shrewsbury.

From a drawing by John Rous (c. 1485) in the *Life of Richard Beauchamp Earl of Warwick* (MS. Cott. Jul. E. iv.).

# THE FIRST PART OF

## Critical Comments.

### I.

#### Argument.

I. After Bolingbroke has deposed Richard II. of England and ascended the throne as Henry IV., he seeks a time of peace to go on his long-contemplated crusade; but is dissuaded from his purpose by the news of uprisings and battles in Wales and Scotland. The Scots under the command of Douglas make an incursion and at Holmedon suffer defeat by the English forces of Northumberland's son, Henry Percy, the famous Hotspur of history. The King no sooner hears of the victory than he demands the prisoners. These Hotspur is unwilling to give up unless the King will ransom Percy's kinsman, Mortimer. They quarrel; and Hotspur sends his prisoners home without ransom and plots with both the Scots and the Welsh to overthrow the sovereign he had so recently helped to seat.

II. The madcap pranks and dissolute companions of the Prince of Wales are a source of anxiety to his father. The Prince's boon companion is a corpulent warrior, Sir John Falstaff, who wars mainly with his tongue and the wine-bottle. Falstaff and three companions rob some travellers on the highway, and are set upon in turn by the Prince and one comrade in disguise, who put them to flight; and when later Falstaff would boast of his imaginary encounter with innumerable foes the Prince has a hearty laugh at his expense. His merriment is interrupted by news from the court of Hotspur's rising in the north.



III. The Prince immediately awakes to a sense of his responsibilities, assures his royal father of his intention to be more worthy of the title of Prince, and is entrusted with a wing of the army that is proceeding against Hotspur.

IV. Hotspur is disadvantaged by the non-arrival of bodies of troops counted on by him from his father and from Wales. Nevertheless he encamps at Shrewsbury, and resolves on instant battle when the royal troops approach.

V. The King leads his army in person, and before Shrewsbury holds parley with the rebels, to whom he promises pardon if they will lay down their arms. But Hotspur is misinformed of the terms of parley and gives battle. In the spirited and decisive contest the rebels are defeated. Hotspur is slain by the Prince—though credit for the death is claimed by the rascally Falstaff—and King Henry begins to realize the true worth of his valiant son.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses*.

## II.

### Henry, Prince of Wales.

With respect to Henry's youthful follies, Shakspeare deviated from all authorities known to have been accessible to him. "An extraordinary conversion was generally thought to have fallen upon the Prince on coming to the crown—insomuch that the old chroniclers could only account for the change by some miracle of grace or touch of supernatural benediction." Shakspeare, it would seem, engaged now upon historical matter, and not the fantastic substance of a comedy, found something incredible in the sudden transformation of a reckless libertine (the Henry described by Caxton, by Fabyan, and others) into a character of majestic force and large practical wisdom. Rather than reproduce this incredible

popular tradition concerning Henry, Shakspeare preferred to attempt the difficult task of exhibiting the Prince as a sharer in the wild frolic of youth, while at the same time he was holding himself prepared for the splendid entrance upon his manhood, and stood really aloof in his inmost being from the unworthy life of his associates.

The change which effected itself in the Prince, as represented by Shakspeare, was no miraculous conversion, but merely the transition from boyhood to adult years, and from unchartered freedom to the solemn responsibilities of a great ruler. We must not suppose that Henry formed a deliberate plan for concealing the strength and splendour of his character, in order, afterwards, to flash forth upon men's sight and overwhelm and dazzle them. When he soliloquizes (I. ii. 205 *et seq.*), having bidden farewell to Poins and Falstaff,

“I know you all, and will awhile uphold  
The unyoked humour of your idleness:  
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
To smother up his beauty from the world,  
That, when he please again to be himself,  
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at.  
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him”—

when Henry soliloquizes thus, we are not to suppose that he was quite as wise and diplomatical as he pleased to represent himself, for the time being, to his own heart and conscience. The Prince entered heartily and without reserve into the fun and frolic of his Eastcheap life; the vigour and the folly of it were delightful; to be clapped on the back, and shouted for as “Hal,” was far better than the doffing of caps and crooking of knees, and delicate, unreal phraseology of the court. But Henry, at the same time, kept himself from subjugation to what was really base. He could truthfully stand before his father (III. ii.) and maintain that his nature was

substantially sound and untainted, capable of redeeming itself from all past, superficial dishonour.

Has Shakspeare erred? Or is it not possible to take energetic part in a provisional life, which is known to be provisional, while at the same time a man holds his truest self in reserve for the life that is best and highest and most real? May not the very consciousness, indeed, that such a life is provisional, enable one to give one's self away to it, satisfying its demands with scrupulous care, or with full and free enjoyment, as a man could not if it were a life which had any chance of engaging his whole personality, and that finally? Is it possible to adjust two states of being, one temporary and provisional, the other absolute and final, and to pass freely out of one into the other? Precisely because the one is perfect and indestructible, it does not fear the counter-life. May there not have been passages in Shakspeare's own experience which authorized him in his attempt to exhibit the successful adjustment of two apparently incoherent lives? . . . From the coldness, the caution, the convention, of his father's court (an atmosphere which suited well the temperament of John of Lancaster), Henry escapes to the teeming vitality of the London streets, and the tavern where Falstaff is monarch. There, among hostlers, and carriers, and drawers, and merchants, and pilgrims, and loud robustious women, he at least has freedom and frolic. "If it be a sin to covet honour," Henry declares, "I am the most offending soul alive." But the honour that Henry covets is not that which Hotspur is ambitious after:—

"By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,  
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon."

The honour that Henry covets is the achievement of great deeds, not the words of men which vibrate around such deeds. Falstaff, the despiser of honour, labours across the field, bearing the body of the fallen Hotspur, the impassioned pursuer of glory, and, in his fashion of

splendid imposture or stupendous joke, the fat knight claims credit for the achievement of the day's victory. Henry is not concerned, on this occasion, to put the old sinner to shame. To have added to the deeds of the world a glorious deed is itself the only honour that Henry seeks.

DOWDEN : *Shakspeare.*

### III.

#### Hotspur.

It is exceedingly difficult to speak of Hotspur satisfactorily; not indeed because the lines of his character are not bold and prominent enough, but rather because they are so much so. For his frame is greatly disproportioned, which causes him to be all the more distinguishable, and perhaps to seem larger than he really is; and one of his leading excesses manifests itself in a wiry, close-twisted, red-hot speech, which burns into the mind such an impression of him as must needs make any commentary seem prosaic and dull. There is no mistaking him: no character in Shakespeare stands more apart in plenitude of peculiarity; and stupidity itself can hardly so disguise or disfigure him with criticism, but that he will still be recognized by any one that has ever seen him. He is as much a monarch in his sphere as the King and Falstaff are in theirs; only they rule more by power, he by emphasis and stress: there is something in them that takes away the will and spirit of resistance; he makes everything bend to his arrogant, domineering, capricious temper. Who that has been with him in the scenes at the palace and at Bangor, can ever forget his bounding, sarcastic, overbearing spirit? How he hits all about him, and makes the feathers fly wherever he hits! It seems as if his tongue could go through the world, and strew the road behind it with splinters. And how steeped his speech everywhere is in the poetry of

the sword! In what compact and sinewy platoons and squadrons the words march out of his mouth in bristling rank and file! as if from his birth he had been cradled on the iron breast of war. How doubly charged he is, in short, with the electricity of chivalry! insomuch that you can touch him nowhere but that he will give you a shock. . . .

Another consequence, apparently, of Hotspur's having so much of passion in his head, is the singular absence of mind so well described by Prince Henry, and so finely exemplified in the scene with his wife; where, after she has closed her noble strain of womanly eloquence, he calls in a servant, makes several inquiries about his horse and orders him to be brought into the park, hears her reproof, exchanges some questions with her, and fights a battle in imagination, before he answers her tender remonstrance. Here it is plain that his absence is not from any lack of strength, but from a certain rapidity and skittishness of mind: he has not the control of his thinking; the issues of his brain being so conceived in fire as to preclude steadiness of attention and the pauses of thought: that which strikes his mind last must pop out first; and, in a word, he is rather possessed by his thoughts, than possessing them.

The qualities we have remarked must needs in a great measure, unfit Hotspur for a military leader in regular warfare; the whole working of his nature being too impulsive and heady for the counterpoise of so weighty an undertaking. Too impetuous and eager for the contest to concert operations, too impatient for the end to await the adjustment of means; abundantly able to fight battles, but not to scheme them; he is qualified to succeed only in the hurlyburly of border warfare, where success comes more by fury of onset than by wisdom of plan. All which is finely shown just before the battle of Shrewsbury, where if he be not perversely wrong-headed, he is so headstrong, peremptory, and confident even to rashness, as to render him quite impracticable:

we see, and his fellow-chieftains see, that there is no coming to a temper with him; that he will be sure to fall out and quarrel with whoever stands out from or against his purposes. Yet he nowhere appears more truly the noble Hotspur than on this occasion, when amidst the falling off of friends, the backwardness of allies, and the thickening of dangers, his ardent and brave spirit turns his very disadvantages into sources of confidence.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

#### IV.

#### Sir John Falstaff.

He [Falstaff] is a man at once young and old, enterprising and fat, a dupe and a wit, harmless and wicked, weak in principle and resolute by constitution, cowardly in appearance and brave in reality, a knave without malice, a liar without deceit, and a knight, a gentleman, and a soldier without either dignity, decency, or honour. This is a character which, though it may be decomposed, could not, I believe, have been formed, nor the ingredients of it duly mingled, upon any receipt whatever. It required the hand of Shakspeare himself to give to every particular part a relish of the whole, and of the whole to every particular part. •

MORGANN: *The Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff.*

---

Falstaff is perhaps the most substantial comic character that ever was invented. Sir John carries a most portly presence in the mind's eye; and in him, not to speak it profanely, "we behold the fulness of the spirit of wit and humour bodily." We are as well acquainted with his person as his mind, and his jokes come upon us with double force and relish from the quantity of flesh through which they make their way, as he shakes his fat sides with laughter or "lards the lean earth as he



walks along." Other comic characters seem, if we approach and handle them, to resolve themselves into air, "into thin air"; but this is embodied and palpable to the grossest apprehension: it lies "three fingers deep upon the ribs," it plays about the lungs and diaphragm with all the force of animal enjoyment. His body is like a good estate to his mind, from which he receives rents and revenues of profit and pleasure in kind, according to its extent and the richness of the soil. . . . He is represented as a liar, a braggart, a coward, a glutton, etc., and yet we are not offended, but delighted with him; for he is all these as much to amuse others as to gratify himself. He openly assumes all these characters to show the humorous part of them. The unrestrained indulgence of his own ease, appetites, and convenience has neither malice nor hypocrisy in it. In a word, he is an actor in himself almost as much as upon the stage, and we no more object to the character of Falstaff in a moral point of view than we should think of bringing an excellent comedian, who should represent him to the life, before one of the police offices. We only consider the number of pleasant lights in which he puts certain foibles (the more pleasant as they are opposed to the received rules and necessary restraints of society), and do not trouble ourselves about the consequences resulting from them, for no mischievous consequences do result. Sir John is old as well as fat, which gives a melancholy retrospective tinge to his character; and by the disparity between his inclinations and his capacity for enjoyment, makes it still more ludicrous and fantastical.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

---

Nothing can be less like the mere mouthpiece of an idea or the representative of a tendency than Falstaff, whose incomparably vivid personality is rather, notwithstanding his childlike innocence of mental or moral conflict, a very meeting-point of conflicting traits. But we

can hardly be wrong in regarding as the decisive trait which justifies the extraordinary rôle he plays in this drama, his wonderful gift of *non-moral humour*. It is his chief occupation to cover with immortal ridicule the ideals of heroic manhood—the inward honour which the Prince maintains, a little damaged, in his company, as well as the outward honour which Hotspur would fain pluck from the pale-faced moon. His reputation is a bubble which he delights to blow for the pleasure of seeing it burst. He comes of a good stock, has been page to the Duke of Norfolk, and exchanged jests with John of Gaunt. But like the Prince, and like Hotspur, he is a rebel to the traditions of his order; and he is the greatest rebel of the three. Shakespeare's contemporaries, however, and the whole seventeenth century, conceived his revolt as yet more radical than it was, taking him, as the Prince does, for a genuine coward endowed with an inimitable faculty of putting a good face on damaging facts. Since the famous essay of Maurice Morgann criticism has inclined even excessively to the opposite extreme, conceiving him as from first to last a genial artist in humour, who plays the coward for the sake of the monstrous caricature of valour that he will make in rebutting the charge. The admirable battle-scene at Shrewsbury is thus the very kernel of the play. It is altogether a marvellous example of epic material penetrated through and through with dramatic invention; and Shakespeare's boldest innovations in the political story are here concentrated. Here the Prince reveals his noble quality as at once a great warrior, a loyal son, and a generous foe—in the duel with Hotspur, the rescue of his father, and the ransomless release of Douglas;—all incidents unknown to the *Chronicles*. Here Hotspur falls a victim to his infatuated disdain of the rival whose valour had grown "like the summer grass, fastest by night." And here Falstaff, the mocker at honour, lies motionless side by side with its extravagant devotee—not like him dead, but presently to conjure up



the wonderful phantom of the fight for a good hour by Shrewsbury clock.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

---

Shakespeare created a kind of English Bacchus at a time when every kind of fruit or grain that could be made into a beverage was drunk in vast quantities; and sack, which was Falstaff's native element, was both strong and sweet. Falstaff is saved by his humour and his genius; he lies, steals, boasts, and takes to his legs in time of peril, with such superb consistency and in such unfailing good spirits that we are captivated by his vitality. It would be as absurd to apply ethical standards to him as to Silenus or Bacchus; he is a creature of the elemental forces; a personification of the vitality which is in bread and wine; a satyr become human, but moving buoyantly and joyfully in an unmoral world. And yet the touch of the ethical law is on him; he is not a corrupter by intention, and he is without malice; but as old age brings its searching revelation of essential characteristics, his humour broadens into coarseness, his buoyant animalism degenerates into lust; and he is saved from contempt at the end by one of those exquisite touches with which the great-hearted Poet loves to soften and humanize degeneration.

MABIE: *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man.*

## V.

### Falstaff's Wit.

He is one of the brightest and wittiest spirits England has ever produced. He is one of the most glorious creations that ever sprang from a poet's brain. There is much rascality and much genius in him, but there is no trace of mediocrity. He is always superior to his surroundings, always resourceful, always witty, always at

his ease, often put to shame, but, thanks to his inventive effrontery, never put out of countenance. He has fallen below his social position; he lives in the worst (though also in the best) society; he has neither soul, nor honour, nor moral sense; but he sins, robs, lies, and boasts, with such splendid exuberance, and is so far above any serious attempt at hypocrisy, that he seems unfailingly amiable whatever he may choose to do. Therefore he charms every one, although he is a butt for the wit of all. He perpetually surprises us by the wealth of his nature. . . .

Here, in the First Part, Falstaff is still a demi-god, supreme alike in intellect and in wit. With this figure the popular drama which Shakespeare represented won its first decisive battle over the literary drama which followed in the footsteps of Seneca. We can actually hear the laughter of the "yard" and the gallery surging around his speeches like waves around a boat at sea. It was the old sketch of Parolles in *Love's Labour's Won*, which had here taken on a new amplitude of flesh and blood. There was much to delight the groundlings—Falstaff is so fat and yet so mercurial, so old and yet so youthful in all his tastes and vices. But there was far more to delight the spectators of higher culture, in his marvellous quickness of fence, which can parry every thrust, and in the readiness which never leaves him tongue-tied, or allows him to confess himself beaten. Yes, there was something for every class of spectators in this mountain of flesh, exuding wit at every pore, in this hero without shame or conscience, in this robber, poltroon, and liar, whose mendacity is quite poetic, Münchausesque, in this cynic with the brazen forehead and a tongue as supple as a Toledo blade. His talk is like Bellman's after him:—

"A dance of all the gods upon Olympus,  
With fauns and graces and the muses twined."

The men of the Renaissance revelled in his wit, much as

the men of the Middle Ages had enjoyed the popular legends of Reinecke Fuchs and his rogueries.

Falstaff reaches his highest point of wit and drollery in that typical soliloquy on honour, in which he indulges on the battle-field of Shrewsbury (V. i.), a soliloquy which almost categorically sums him up, in contradistinction to the other leading personages. For all the characters here stand in a certain relation to the idea of honour—the King, to whom honour means dignity; Hotspur, to whom it means the halo of renown; the Prince, who loves it as the opposite of outward show; and Falstaff, who, in his passionate appetite for the material good things of life, rises entirely superior to it and shows its nothingness.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

## VI.

### Owen Glendower.

Owen Glendower—the “damned Glendower” of the King—the “great Glendower” of Hotspur—“he of Wales,” that “swore the devil his true liege-man,” of the Prince, was among the most bold and enterprising of the warriors of his age. The immediate cause of his outbreak against the power of Henry IV. was a quarrel with Lord Grey of Ruthyn, on the occasion of which the parliament of Henry seems to have treated Owen with injustice; but there can be no doubt that the great object of his ambition was to restore the independence of Wales. In the *guerilla* warfare which he waged against Henry, he was eminently successful; and his boast in this drama is historically true, that—

“Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head  
Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,  
And sandy-bottom’d Severn, have I sent him,  
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.”

Shakspeare has seized, with wonderful exactness, upon all the features of his history and character, and of the popular superstitions connected with him. They all belonged to the region of poetry. Glendower says:—

“at my birth,  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes.”

The old chroniclers say, “the same night he was born all his father’s horses were found to stand in blood up to their bellies.” His pretensions as a magician, which Shakspeare has most beautifully connected with his enthusiastic and poetical temperament, made him a greater object of fear than even his undoubted skill and valour. When the king pursued him into his mountains, Owen (as Holinshed relates) “conveyed himself out of the way into his known lurking-places, and, as was thought, through art magic he caused such foul weather of winds, tempest, rain, snow, and hail to be raised for the annoyance of the king’s army that the like had not been heard of.” His tedious stories to Hotspur—

“of the moldwarp and the ant,  
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies;  
And of a dragon, and a finless fish,  
A clip-wing’d griffin, and a moulten raven,  
A couching lion, and a ramping cat”—

were old Welsh prophecies which the people in general, and very likely Glendower himself, devoutly believed. According to Holinshed, it was upon the faith of one of these prophecies in particular that the tripartite indenture of Mortimer, Hotspur, and Glendower was executed. “This was done (as some have said) through a foolish credit given to a vain prophecy, as though King Henry was the moldwarp, cursed of God’s own mouth, and they three were the dragon, the lion, and the wolf, which should divide this realm between them.” Glendower might probably have

“Believ’d the magic wonders which he sang,”

but he was no vulgar enthusiast. He was "trained up in the English court," as he describes himself, and he was probably "exceedingly well read," as Mortimer describes him, for he had been a barrister of the Middle Temple. When the Parliament, who rudely dismissed his petition against Lord Grey of Ruthyn, refused to listen to "barefooted blackguards," it can scarcely be wondered that he should raise the standard of rebellion. The Welsh from all parts of England, even the students of Oxford, crowded home to fight under the banners of an independent Prince of Wales. Had Glendower joined the Percies before the battle of Shrewsbury, which he was most probably unable to do, he might for a time have ruled a kingdom, instead of perishing in wretchedness and obscurity, after years of unavailing contest.

KNIGHT: *Pictorial Shaksperc.*

## VII.

### Douglas.

Douglas is a creation that adds wonderful force to the scene, and aids in giving dignity and relief both to the King and to Hotspur. There is somewhat barbarous and uncivilized in his traits that speaks of a nation remoter from refinement than Northumberland. He asserts and dwells upon his own boldness with as little delicacy as he imputes fear and cold heart to Worcester, and is more petulant and inconsiderate in urging on the battle prematurely than Hotspur himself. Brave and most efficient he is as a soldier even to excite the enthusiastic admiration of his ally, but when he finds himself overmatched he runs away without hesitation, though it be to look for an opponent he can better cope with, and in the rout he is captured by most undignified catastrophe: "upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest," the hero who professed that the word fear was unknown in Scotland;—

“And falling from a hill he was so bruised—  
That the pursuers took him.”

This accident is historical, like his military renown, and in the seeming incongruity Shakespeare found the key of the character. The Douglas of this play always reminds me of the Ares of the Iliad—a coarse exponent of the mere animal propensity to pugnacity, delighting in the circumstances of homicide, but when pierced by the spear of Diomed, hastily flying from the conflict and bellowing aloud.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

## VIII.

### King Henry.

Of all the strictly historical personages of this first part, Henry the Fourth himself alone seems drawn entirely and scrupulously from historical authority; and his is a portrait rivalling, in truth and discrimination, the happiest delineations of Plutarch or of Tacitus. He is contrasted alike to the frailties and to the virtues of his son; his talent, and the dignity with which it invests his cold and crafty policy, the absence of all nobler sentiment from the sagacious worldly wisdom of his counsels and opinions, his gloom, melancholy, and anxiety—all combine to form a portrait of a great and unhappy statesman, as true and as characteristic, though not as dark, as Tacitus has left us of Tiberius.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

## IX.

### The Vassalry.

Shakspeare, in his usual masterly style, describes the vassalry in its chief representatives: the noble, hot-blooded, ambitious, and foolhardy Percy, who is ever



balancing the world on the point of his sword, who has pleasure only in war and military glory, and would stake the welfare of his country for the sake of a single heroic deed; the brave, noble-hearted Douglas, who is as ready to acknowledge Percy's superior military power, as to bid defiance to all the rest of the world, who, out of pure chivalrous gratitude, joins his victorious enemy in a dangerous and unpromising enterprise, although he is not urged on by any personal interest; the cold, calculating, intriguing, and ambitious Worcester, who is more a statesman than a knight, and again but half a statesman and half a knight; the irresolute Northumberland, who never knows whether he shall uphold his princely dignity, his great estates and the welfare of his house, or, like a knight errant, stake his all upon a single throw; lastly, the double-tongued Archbishop of York, who is half an ecclesiastical prince, and half a vassal, who preaches peace sword in hand, and would like to wed the worldliness of his desires to the holiness of his office;—all these are true Shakspearian characters, full, complete men, and yet, at the same time, but children of their age. In them we have a distinct reflex of the essential elements of vassalry. A state of semi-independence together with a state of semi-dependence; a defiance and arrogance, an ambition and love of dominion which, however, are ever at strife with a feeling of duty towards the kingdom and the King; the endeavour to make themselves strong by alliances, whereas, according to the nature of things, there is no truly uniting bond among them, and all are finally left to do as they please in spite of oaths and treaties; the contradiction in the knight whose sole object is personal honour and military glory, and the same knight who ought likewise to be a commander and a chief, governing country and people, a statesman and a politician;—all these characteristic features are set forth in delicate but definite outlines.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

## X.

## Brilliancy and Power of Henry IV.

With all sorts of readers and spectators this is the greatest favourite of the whole of Shakespeare's English histories, and, indeed, is perhaps the most popular of all dramatic compositions in the language. The popularity of this play has extended itself to the other histories with which it is connected, until it has made them all nearly as familiarly known as itself. It is probably owing quite as much to Falstaff and to Hotspur as to the several merits of the other histories—great as they are, though in very different degrees—that this whole dramatic series of histories have been mixed up with all our recollections and impressions of the Wars of York and Lancaster, and finally become substituted in the popular mind for all other history of the period. Thus it is to this play that the great majority of those at all familiar with old English history in its substantial reality, not as a meagre chronological abridgment of names and events, but exhibiting the men and deeds of the times, are indebted generally for their earliest and always their most vivid, impressive, and true conceptions of England's feudal ages. Of the ten plays of this historic series, the first part of *Henry IV.* is the most brilliant and various, and, therefore, the most attractive; while it is substantially as true as any of the rest in its historical instruction—although it is neither a dramatized chronicle in the old fashion, nor yet a strictly historical drama in the sense in which *Richard II.* and *Julius Cæsar* are pre-eminently entitled to that appellation—as presenting only historical personages and great public events with the condensed effect and sustained feeling of dramatic unity and interest.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*



In *Henry IV.*, we return to our own England—

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,  
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
Fear'd by their breed and famous for their birth.

(*Richard II.*, II. i.)

We come from the grace and beauty and wit of Portia, the curses and baffled vengeance of Shylock, the tender friendship of Antonio and Bassanio, and the rivalry of the courtiers of the sweet Bianca, the taming of Katherine the curst, to the headstrong valour of Hotspur, the wonderful wit of Falstaff, the vanquished rebels who wound England with their horses' hoofs, the noble rivalry of Henry Percy and Henry Prince of Wales—

*Hotspur.* O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads;  
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,  
But I and Harry Monmouth—

and the sight of how "ever did rebellion find rebuke." Love gives place to war; kingdoms are striven for, not fair girls' hands; rebels, not shrews, are tamed. Let us look for a moment at the change from Shakspeare's early historical plays. It is one from spring to summer. Like Chaucer, he has been, as it were, to Dante's land, to Petrarch's, Boccaccio's home; and when he touches his native soil again, he springs from youth to manhood, from his First Period to his Second, from the cramp of rhyme, the faint characterization of *Richard II.*, to the freedom, the reckless ease, the full creative power of *Henry IV.* Granting that the rhetoric of the earlier play does still appear in Vernon's speech, etc., yet all its faint and shadowy secondary figures have vanished. Through every scene of *1 Henry IV.* beats the full, strong pulse of vigorous manhood and life.

FURNIVALL: *The Leopold Shakspeare.*

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING HENRY *the Fourth.*

HENRY, *Prince of Wales,* } *sons to the King.*  
JOHN *of Lancaster,*

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

SIR WALTER BLUNT.

THOMAS PERCY, *Earl of Worcester.*

HENRY PERCY, *Earl of Northumberland.*

HENRY PERCY, *surnamed HOTSPUR, his son.*

EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*

RICHARD SCROOP, *Archbishop of York.*

ARCHIBALD, *Earl of DOUGLAS.*

OWEN GLENDOWER.

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

SIR MICHAEL, *a friend to the Archbishop of York.*

POINS.

GADSHILL.

PETO.

BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, *wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.*

LADY MORTIMER, *daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.*

MISTRESS QUICKLY, *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.*

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two  
Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *England.*

Henry IV essentially a man of a mind whose  
chief genius lay in manipulating people  
and events.

Play shows ease and power.

## The First Part of KING HENRY IV.

### ACT FIRST.

wood of this scene .. Scene I. *indication of sub-plat.*  
*re gives his fully purposes.* *set scenes - gives*  
*historical background.*  
London. The palace. *outline of character.*

Enter King Henry, Lord John of Lancaster, the Earl of  
Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,  
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils  
To be commenced in *strands* *accede* *months* *here* *not be crest*  
far remote.  
No more the thirsty *entrance* *entrance* *entrance* of this soil  
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;  
No more shall *trenching* *trenching* *trenching* war channel her fields,  
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs  
Of hostile paces: those *opposed* *opposed* *opposed* eyes,  
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven, 10  
All of one nature, of one substance bred,  
Did lately meet in the *intestine* *intestine* *intestine* shock  
And furious *close* *close* *close* of civil butchery,  
Shall now, in *mutual* *mutual* *mutual* well-beseeming ranks,  
March all one way, and be no more opposed  
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies:  
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,  
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,  
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,  
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross 20

*pressed, compelled to fight*

We are impressed and engaged to fight,  
 Forthwith a power *army force* of English shall we levy;  
 Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb  
 To chase these pagans in those holy fields  
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,  
 Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd  
 For our advantage on the bitter cross.

But this our purpose now is twelve month old,  
 And bootless *useless* 'tis to tell you we will go:

*for that purpose*  
 Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear 30

*expedition*

Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,

What yesternight our council did decree

In forwarding this dear *urgent, eagerly desired* expedience

*West.* My liege, this haste was not in question, *earnestly discussed*

And many limits of the charge *expense* set down

But yesternight: when all athwart *adversely - unexpectedly* there came

A post *messenger* from Wales loaden with heavy news;

Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,

Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight

Against the irregular *lawless* and wild Glendower, 40

Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,

A thousand of his people butchered;

Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse, *ill-treatment*

Such beastly shameless transformation, *change of appearance*

By those Welshwomen done, as may not be

Without much shame retold or spoken of.

*King.* It seems then that the tidings of this broil

Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

*West.* This match'd with other did, my gracious lord;

For more uneven *embarrassing* and unwelcome news 50

Came from the north and thus it did import:

On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,

- *14th Sept.*

Shakespeare has conversed with accuracy  
of his tactical views.

KING HENRY IV.

Act I. Sc. i.

Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,  
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,  
At Holmedon met,  
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;  
As by discharge of their artillery,  
And <sup>probability</sup> shape of likelihood, the news was told;  
As he that brought them, in the very heat  
And pride of their contention did take horse, 60  
Uncertain of the issue any way.

King. Here is a dear, a true industrious friend,  
Sir Walter Blunt, new <sup>at</sup> lighted from his horse,  
<sup>rejoiced</sup> Stain'd with the variation of each soil  
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;  
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.  
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited:  
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights, H.B.  
<sup>picked up</sup> Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see  
On Holmedon's plains. [Of prisoners, Hotspur took <sup>Went</sup>  
Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son <sup>Earl of Fife</sup>  
To beaten Douglas] and the Earl of Athol, <sup>has to the</sup>  
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith:  
And is not this an honourable spoil?  
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. In faith,

It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

✓ King. Yea, there thou makest me sad and makest me sin  
In envy that my Lord Northumberland  
Should be the father to so blest a son, 80  
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;  
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;  
Who is sweet Fortune's <sup>favorite</sup> minion and her pride:  
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,

Question of Harry's standing with people see  
Genuine Theme of play.

See riot and dishonour stain the brow  
 Of my young Harry. O that it could be proved  
 That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged  
 In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,  
 And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!  
 Then would I have his Harry, and he mine. 90  
 But let ~~him~~<sup>99</sup> from my thoughts. What think you,  
 coz,

Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,  
 Which he in this adventure hath surprised,  
 To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,  
 I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

*ec* *ecological* *u* *West.* This is his uncle's teaching: this is Worcester, *Applied to bid*  
~~Malevolent~~<sup>hostile</sup> to you in all aspects;  
 Which makes him ~~prune~~<sup>prune</sup> himself, and bristle up  
 The crest of youth against your dignity.

*King.* But I have sent for him to answer this; 100  
 And for this cause awhile we must neglect  
 Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.

Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we  
 Will hold at Windsor; so inform the lords:  
 But come yourself with speed to us again;  
 For more is to be said and to be done  
 Than out of anger can be uttered.

*West.* I will, my liege.

[Exeunt.]

*Hal's. W. H. H. of abuse. Falstaff. Humorous wit* **Scene II.** *shrewd character of Falstaff and Hal*

*London.* An apartment of the Prince's.

*Enter the Prince of Wales and Falstaff.*

*Fal.* Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

*Prince.* Thou art so ~~fat-witted~~<sup>dull heavy witted</sup>, with drinking of old  
 sack and unbuttoning thee after supper and

*Spanish + Canary*  
*wines*



sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day. 10

Fal. Indeed, you <sup>hit me</sup> come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and the <sup>Pellicles</sup> seven stars, and not by Phœbus, he 'that wandering knight so fair.' And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy grace —majesty I should say, for grace <sup>(spiritual grace)</sup> thou wilt have none,— 20

Prince. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter, <sup>grace before an ordinary breakfast.</sup>

Prince. Well, how then? come, <sup>speake out plainly</sup> roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are <sup>attend upon a knight</sup> squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of <sup>well-contrived</sup> good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose <sup>x2</sup> countenance we steal. 30

Prince. Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed,



*the words  
sed by  
if way was  
their  
their  
ut. cal. ten)* as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now:  
a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on  
Monday night and most dissolutely spent on  
Tuesday morning; got with swearing 'Lay by' ①  
and spent with crying 'Bring in'; now in as 40  
low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and  
by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

*how in  
by fumed  
its  
way* Fal. By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not  
my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

Prince. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the  
castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet  
robe of durance? *a strong material of which  
prisoners clothes were made.*

*sharp jests* Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy  
*equivocations* tips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I  
to do with a buff jerkin? 50

Prince. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hos-  
tess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many  
a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all  
there.

Prince. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would  
stretch; and where it would not, I have used my  
credit. 60

Fal. Yea, and so used it that, were it not here appa-  
rent that thou art heir apparent—But, I prithee,  
sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in  
England when thou art king? and resolution  
thus *cheated-tricked* fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old  
father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou  
art king, hang a thief.

Prince. No; thou shalt

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

Prince. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear.

Prince. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Prince. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes, and art indeed the most comparative, fascaldest, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

Prince. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it!

Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; 100  
and now am I, if a man should speak truly,  
little better than one of the wicked. I must  
give over this life, and I will give it over: by  
the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be  
damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

drag.  
in slanders  
of many  
loved  
renewed  
rights  
my theme  
up  
(to)

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. 'Zounds, where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one;  
an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee;  
from praying to purse-taking. 110

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin  
for a man to labour in his vocation.

*Enter Poins.*

Poins! Now shall we know if Gadshill <sup>"planned"</sup> have  
<sup>a robbery"</sup> set a match. O, if men were to be saved by  
merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for  
him? This is the most omnipotent villain that  
ever cried 'Stand' to a true man. <sup>murder</sup>

Prince. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur  
Remorse? what says Sir John <sup>custom of putting sugar</sup> Sack and Sugar? 120  
Jack! how agrees the devil and thee about thy  
<sup>he will</sup> soul, that thou soldest him on Good Friday last  
for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

Prince. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall  
have his bargain; for he was never yet a  
breaker of proverbs: he will give the devil his  
due.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word  
with the devil.

# KING HENRY IV.

## Act I. Sc. ii.

*Prince.* Else he had been damned for cozening the 130  
devil.

*Poins.* But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning,  
by four o'clock, early at Gadshill <sup>well known</sup> there are  
pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offer- <sup>resort of</sup>  
ings, and traders riding to London with fat <sup>highwaymen</sup>  
purses: I have <sup>vizors, masks</sup> vizards for you all; you have <sup>a field near</sup>  
horses for yourselves: Gadshill <sup>N.W. of Rochester</sup> lies to-night in  
Rochester: I have bespoke supper to-morrow <sup>on the Canterbury</sup>  
night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as <sup>road</sup>  
sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full 140  
of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be  
hanged.

*Fal.* Hear ye, Edward; if I tarry at home and go  
not, I'll hang you for going.

*Poins.* You will, chops? <sup>means of flesh resembling meat</sup>

*Fal.* Hal, wilt thou make one? <sup>a term of contempt</sup>

*Prince.* Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

*Fal.* There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good  
fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the  
blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten  
shillings. 150

*Prince.* Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

*Fal.* Why, that's well said.

*Prince.* Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home. <sup>remain, stay</sup>

*Fal.* By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou  
art king.

*Prince.* I care not.

*Poins.* Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me  
alone: I will lay him down such reasons for  
this adventure that he shall go.

*Fal.* Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and 160  
him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest

*Judicial  
mer -  
licensing  
heaffi  
th fel  
volity of  
advanced  
ge* may move and what he hears may be believed,  
that the true prince may, for recreation sake,  
prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the  
time want countenance: Farewell: you shall  
find me in Eastcheap.

*Prince.* Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, <sup>x</sup>All-  
hallown summer! [Exit Falstaff.]

*Poins.* Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us  
to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I can- 170  
not manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto and  
Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already  
waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and  
when they have the booty, if you and I do not  
rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

*Prince.* How shall we part with them in setting forth?

*Poins.* Why, we will set forth before or after them,  
and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein  
it is at our pleasure to fail, and then will they  
adventure upon the exploit themselves; which 180  
they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll  
set upon them.

*Prince.* Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by  
our horses, by our <sup>garments</sup> habits, and by every other  
equipment appointment, to be ourselves.

*Poins.* Tut! our horses they shall not see; I'll tie  
*generally* them in the wood; our vizards we will change  
*ed to an* after we leave them: and, *seriah*, I have cases  
*terior -* of buckram for the nonce, to *mask* mask our noted *good know*  
*a unbecomg* outward garments. *hand to*

*Prince.* Yea, but I <sup>suspect, fear</sup> doubt they will be too hard for us.

*Poins.* Well, for two of them, I know them to be as  
true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for

the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason,  
I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will  
be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat  
rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how  
thirty, at least, he fought with; what <sup>wards</sup> ~~wards~~,  
what blows, what extremities he endured; and  
in the <sup>reputation</sup> ~~reproof~~ of this lies the jest.

*keening-  
responses-  
defence*  
200

*Prince.* Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things  
necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in  
Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

*Poins.* Farewell, my lord.

[Exit.

*Prince.* I know you all, and will a while uphold  
The <sup>uncurbed-reckless</sup> ~~unyoked~~ humour of your idleness:

Yet herein will I imitate the <sup>sun</sup> ~~sun~~,  
Who doth permit the base <sup>laughful</sup> ~~contagious~~ clouds

To smother up his beauty from the world,

That, when he please again to be himself,

210

Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,

By breaking through the foul and ugly mists

Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.

If all the year were playing holidays,

To sport would be as tedious as to work;

But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

So, when this loose behaviour I throw off

And pay the debt I never promised,

By how much better than my word I am,

By so much shall I falsify men's <sup>anticipations</sup> ~~hopes~~;

220

And like bright metal on a <sup>dark</sup> ~~sullen~~ ground,

My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,

Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes

Than that which hath no foil to set it off.

39 *lens on which a jewel is  
set to enhance its  
brilliance*



Act I. Sc. iii.

THE FIRST PART OF

I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;  
Redeeming time when men think least I will.

[Exit.

Hotspur - volatile  
not described

Scene III. Lines up major characters -

London. The palace.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, with others. Hot + Falstaff - begun.

King. My blood hath been too cold and temperate, Unapt to stir at these indignities, And you have found me; for accordingly You tread upon my patience: but be sure I will from henceforth rather be myself, Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition; Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down, And therefore lost that title of respect Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves 10  
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;  
And that same greatness too which our own hands  
Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord,—

King. Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see  
Danger and disobedience in thine eye: O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory, And majesty might never yet endure The moody frontier of a servant brow. You have good leave to leave us: when we need 20  
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

[Exit Wor.

You were about to speak.

[To North.

contented  
surgery

Hotspur romantic loyalty to warlike



# KING HENRY IV.

## Act I. Sc. iii.

North.

Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,  
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,  
Were, as he says, not with such <sup>strong words, terms</sup> strength denied  
As is <sup>related, reported</sup> deliver'd to your majesty;  
Either envy, therefore, or <sup>misapprehension</sup> misprision  
Is guilty of this fault and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did <sup>refuse</sup> deny no prisoners.

But I remember, when the fight was done, 30  
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,  
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd  
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin <sup>crimson'd in the new</sup> new reap'd <sup>style</sup>  
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest home;  
He was perfum'd like a milliner; <sup>milliner, as in the</sup>  
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held <sup>series of</sup>  
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon <sup>ladies' fashion</sup>  
He gave his nose and took't away again;  
Who therewith angry, when it next came there, 40  
<sup>took it as offence</sup> Took it in snuff; and still he smiled and talk'd,  
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
He call'd them <sup>ill-mannered</sup> untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
To bring a <sup>base, strained</sup> slovenly unhandsome <sup>indecent</sup> corse  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
With many holiday and lady terms  
He question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded  
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.  
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,  
To be so pester'd with a <sup>parrot</sup> popinjay, 50  
Out of my <sup>pain</sup> grief and my impatience,  
Answer'd <sup>carelessly</sup> neglectingly I know not what,  
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad

Warwick or Dracoon or Wrio to receive who  
Receives just law to handle Hotspur.

*a*  
*recatory*  
*clamation*  
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman  
Of guns and drums and wounds, <sup>\*</sup>God save the  
mark!—

And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth  
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;  
And that it was great pity, so it was,  
This villanous <sup>*specie of whale*</sup> salt-petre should be digg'd 60  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a <sup>*throng also*</sup> good tall fellow had destroy'd  
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,  
He would himself have been a soldier.  
This bald <sup>*incoherent*</sup> unjointed chat of his, my lord,  
I answered indirectly, as I said;  
And I beseech you, let not his report  
Come current for an accusation  
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

*Blunt.* The circumstance consider'd, good my lord, 70  
Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said  
To such a person and in such a place,  
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,  
May reasonably die and never rise  
To do him wrong, or any way <sup>*accuse, reproach*</sup> impeach  
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

*King.* Why, <sup>*even now*</sup> yet he doth deny his prisoners,  
But with proviso <sup>*in*</sup> and exception,  
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight  
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer; 80  
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd  
The lives of those that he did lead to fight  
Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,  
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March

# KING HENRY IV.

*architecture - some piece of paper the  
fitted another, showing that  
bargain had been made  
Bourgeois Renaissance*

Act I. Sc. iii.

*bargain  
compounded  
with*

Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,  
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home? *the object of fear*  
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears, *para-*  
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?

No, on the barren mountains let him starve;  
For I shall never hold that man my friend 90  
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost  
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

*Hot.* Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, *prove faithless* my sovereign liege,  
But by the chance of war: to prove that true  
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,  
Those moulted *gaping* wounds, which valiantly he took,  
When on the gentle Severn's sedgey bank, *rough waters, reeds*  
In single opposition, hand to hand,  
He did comfound *spread wear away* the best part of an hour 100  
In changing *exchanging* hardiment with great Glendower:  
Three times they breathed and three times did they  
drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;  
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,  
Ran fearfully *in fear* among the trembling reeds,  
And hid his crisp *curled, rippled* head in the hollow bank  
Bloodstained with these valiant combatants.

*Give a specious appearance to*  
Never did base and rotten policy  
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;

Nor never could the noble Mortimer 110  
Receive so many, and all willingly:  
Then let not him be slander'd with revolt.

*King.* Thou dost believe *lie about him* him, Percy, thou dost belie him;  
He never did encounter with Glendower:  
I tell thee,

He durst as well have met the devil alone  
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.  
 Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth  
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:  
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,  
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me 121  
 As will displease you. My lord Northumberland,  
 We license your departure with your son.  
 Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.  
*[Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and train.]*

*Hot.* An if the devil come and roar for them,  
 I will not send them: I will after straight  
 And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,  
 Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

*North.* What, drunk with choler? stay and pause a while:  
 Here comes your uncle.

*Re-enter Worcester.*

*Hot.* Speak of Mortimer! 130  
 'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul  
 Want mercy, if I do not join with him:  
 Yea, on his <sup>belial</sup> ~~part~~ I'll empty all these veins,  
 And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,  
 But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer  
 As high in the air as this unthankful king,  
 As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

*North.* Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

*Wor.* Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

*Hot.* He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners; 140  
 And when I urged the ransom once again  
 Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,  
 And on my face he turn'd an eye of death, <sup>look'd deadly terror</sup>

Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

*Wor.* I cannot blame him: was not he proclaim'd  
By Richard that dead is the next of blood?

*North.* He was; I heard the proclamation:  
And then it was when the unhappy king,—  
Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set forth  
Upon his Irish expedition; 150  
From whence he intercepted did return  
To be deposed and shortly murdered.

*Wor.* And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth  
Live ~~scandalized~~ <sup>disgraced</sup> and foully spoken of.

*Hot.* But, soft, I pray you; did King Richard then  
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer  
Heir to the crown?

*North.* He did; myself did hear it.

*Hot.* Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,  
That wish'd him on the barren mountains, <sup>to</sup> starve.

But shall it be, that you, that set the crown 160  
Upon the head of this forgetful man,  
And for his sake <sup>carry</sup> ~~wear~~ the detested blot  
Of murderous subornation, shall it be,  
That you a world of curses undergo,  
Being the agents, or base second means,  
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?  
O, pardon me that I descend so low,  
To show the line and the predicament <sup>cond. from category</sup>  
Wherein you range under this subtle king;  
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days, 170  
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,  
That men of your nobility and power  
Did gag <sup>engage</sup> ~~them~~ both in an unjust behalf,  
As both of you—God pardon it!—have done,

*gag -  
glove*

(knightly or aristocratic term, denoting bargain)  
middle Ages.

To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,  
 And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke? *dog rose will rose*  
 And shall it in more shame be further spoken,  
 That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off  
 By him for whom these shames ye underwent?  
 No; yet time serves wherein you may redeem 180  
 Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves  
 Into the good thoughts of the world again,  
 Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt *disdainful*  
 Of this proud king, who studies day and night  
 To answer all the debt he owes to you  
 Even with the bloody payment of your deaths;  
 Therefore, I say,—

Wor.

Peace, cousin, say no more:

And now I will unclasp a secret book,  
 And to your quick-conceiving discontents  
 I'll read you matter deep and dangerous, 190  
 As full of peril and adventurous spirit  
 As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud  
 On the unsteady footing of a spear. *unsteady*

*an  
analogical  
series  
re-  
creation  
quotation*

Hot.

If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim: *proverb: to run chance*  
 Send danger from the east unto the west, *of success*  
 So honour cross it from the north to south, *or failure*  
 And let them grapple: O, the blood more stirs  
 To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

North.

Imagination of some great exploit  
 Drives him beyond the bounds of patience. 200 *compromise friend*

Hot.

By heaven, 'methinks it were an easy leap,  
 To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,  
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
 Where fathom-line could never touch the ground, *lead line*  
 And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;



So he that doth redeem her thence might wear  
 Without <sup>without court for</sup> ~~corral~~ all her dignities;  
 But out upon this <sup>half hearted</sup> fellowship!

Wor. He <sup>imagines</sup> apprehends a world of <sup>figures created by the</sup> figures here,  
 But not the form of what he should attend. <sup>210</sup>  
 Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I <sup>I beg your pardon</sup> cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots  
 That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all;  
 By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;  
 No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:  
 I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away  
 And lend no ear unto my purposes.  
 Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat;  
 He said he would not ransom Mortimer;  
 Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer; <sup>220</sup>  
 But I will find him when he lies asleep,  
 And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer!'

Nay,  
 I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak  
 Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him,  
 To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly <sup>renounce, abjure</sup> defy  
 Save how to <sup>annoy our friends</sup> ~~gall and pinch~~ this Bolingbroke:  
 And that same <sup>Carroll</sup> sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,  
 But that I think his father loves him not <sup>231</sup>  
 And would be glad he met with some mischance,  
 I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.



*Wor.* Farewell, kinsman: I'll talk to you  
When you are better temper'd to attend.

*North.* Why, what a <sup>was</sup>wasp-stung and impatient fool  
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,  
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

*Hot.* Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged with  
rods,

Nettled, and stung with <sup>auto</sup>pismires, when I hear 240  
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time,—what do you call the place?—

A plague upon it, it is in Gloucestershire; <sup>sever</sup>

'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,

His uncle York; where I first bow'd my knee

Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,—

'Sblood!—

When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

*North.* At Berkley-castle.

*Hot.* You say true:

250

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!

Look, 'when his infant fortune came to age,'

And 'gentle Harry Percy,' and 'kind cousin';

<sup>receivers</sup>  
<sup>ed</sup>  
<sup>tribblingly</sup> O, the devil take such <sup>cozeners</sup>cozeners! God forgive me!

Good uncle, tell your tale; I have done.

*Wor.* Nay, if you have not, to it again;

We will stay your leisure.

*Hot.* I have done, i' faith.

*Wor.* Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.

Deliver them up without their ransom straight, 260

And make the Douglas' son your only mean

For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons

Which I shall send you written, be assured,

Will easily be granted. You, my lord,  
 [To Northumberland.  
 Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,  
 Shall secretly into the bosom creep  
 Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,  
 The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is it not?

Wor. True; who bears hard 270

His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.

I speak not this in estimation, <sup>conjecture</sup>

As what I think might be, but what I know

Is ruminated, plotted and set down,

And only stays but to behold the face

Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it: upon my life, it will do well

North. Before the game is a-foot, thou still let'st slip. <sup>at base the greyhounds</sup>

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:

And then the power of Scotland and of York. 280

To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well-aim'd. <sup>\* used quibbling</sup>

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,

To save our heads by raising of a head; <sup>exceed force</sup>

For, bear ourselves as even as we can, <sup>moderately - prudently</sup>

The king will always think him in our debt,

And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,

Till he hath found a time to pay us home: <sup>i.e. thoroughly, fully</sup>

And see already how he doth begin

To make us strangers to his looks of love. 290

Hot. He does, he does: we'll be revenged on him.

Wor. <sup>Kinsman</sup> Cousin farewell: no further go in this

Than I by letters shall direct your course.

When time is ripe, which will be <sup>very soon</sup> suddenly,  
 I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;  
 Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,  
 As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,  
 To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,  
 Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

*North.* Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

*Hot.* Uncle, adieu: O, let the hours be short 301  
 Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!  
 [Exeunt.]

## ACT SECOND.

## Scene I.

*Rochester.* An inn yard.

*Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.*

*First Car.* Heigh-ho! an it be not four <sup>4 a.m.</sup> by the day,  
 I'll be hanged: <sup>the great Bear</sup> Charles wain is over the new <sup>exclamation</sup>  
 chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, <sup>of</sup>  
 ostler! <sup>horses.</sup> <sup>impatience</sup>

*Ost.* [Within] Anon, anon <sup>coming</sup>

*First Car.* I prithee, Tom, beat <sup>horse</sup> Cut's saddle, put a <sup>head of</sup>  
 few <sup>of</sup> flocks in the <sup>measure</sup> point; poor jade, is <sup>the</sup> wrung in <sup>saddle</sup>  
 the withers out of all cess.

*Enter another Carrier.*

*Sec. Car.* Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog,  
 and that is the <sup>dank</sup> next way to give poor jades the <sup>meagrest</sup>  
 bots: <sup>small means</sup> this house is turned upside down since 10  
 Robin Ostler died.

*First Car.* Poor fellow, never joyed since the price  
 of oats rose; it was the death of him.

# KING HENRY IV.

## Act II. Sc. i.

*Sec. Car.* I think this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

*First Car.* Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock. crow

*Sec. Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamberlie breeds fleas like a loach.

*First Car.* What, ostler! come away and be hanged! come away.

*Sec. Car.* I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

*First Car.* God's body! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved. What, ostler! A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good deed as drink, to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hanged! hast no faith in thee?

*Enter Gadshill.*

*Gads.* Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

*First Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

*Gads.* I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my geld-ing in the stable.

*First Car.* Nay, by God, soft; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

*Gads.* I pray thee, lend me thine.

*Sec. Car.* Av, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lantern, quoth he? marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

X proverbial expression expressing scorn

*Gads.* Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

*Sec. Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge. <sup>baggage</sup> 50  
[*Exeunt Carriers.*]

*Gads.* What, ho! chamberlain!

*Cham.* [*Within*] At hand, quoth pick-purse! <sup>proverbial expression</sup>

*Gads.* That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring; thou layest the plot how.

*Enter Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: there's a <sup>wealth</sup> franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three <sup>corn</sup> hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him <sup>60</sup> tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away <sup>immediately</sup> presently.

*Gads.* Sirrah, if they meet not with <sup>thieves, highway men</sup> Saint Nicholas clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

*Cham.* No, I'll none of it: I pray thee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worshippest Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood <sup>70</sup> may.

*Gads.* What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for if

I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he is <sup>a married man</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms: but with nobility and tranquillity, burgo-masters and great onevers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet, 'zounds, I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand; thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to, 'homo' is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [Exeunt.]



Scene II. *just action*

*The Highway, near Gadshill.*

*Enter Prince Henry and Poins.*

*conceal yourself quickly*  
Poins. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet..

Prince. Stand close. *chafe* *stiffened with*  
*gum*

*Enter Falstaff.*

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

Prince. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

Prince. He is walked up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: 10  
the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him  
I know not where. If I travel but four foot by  
the *squarer* further afoot, I shall break my wind.  
Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all  
this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue.  
I have forsworn his company hourly any time  
this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me  
love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I 20  
have drunk medicines. Poins! Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven



# KING HENRY IV.

## Act II. Sc. ii.

ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another. [*They whistle.*] Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged!

*Prince.* Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

*Fal.* Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

*Prince.* Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

*Fal.* I prithee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

*Prince.* Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

*Fal.* Go hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

*Enter Gadshill, Bardolph and Peto with him.*

*Gads.* Stand.

*Fal.* So I do, against my will.

*Poins.* O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

*Bard.* Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

*Fal.* You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

*Gads.* There 's enough to make us all.

*Fal.* To be hanged.

60

*Prince.* Sirs, you four shall <sup>carried</sup>front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter then they light on us.

*Peto.* How many be there of them?

*Gads.* Some eight or ten.

*Fal.* 'Zounds, will they not rob us?

*Prince.* What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

*Fal.* Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

70

*Prince.* Well, we leave that to the proof.

*Poins.* Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

*Fal.* Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

*Prince.* Ned, where are our disguises?

*Poins.* Here, hard by: stand close.

[*Exeunt Prince and Poins.*

*Fal.* Now, my masters, <sup>①</sup>happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his business.

*quivers his position*

*obscure expression.*

*Enter the Travellers.*

*First Trav.* Come, neighbour: the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs. 80

*Thieves.* Stand!

*Travellers.* Jesus bless us!

*Fal.* Strike; down with them; cut the villains'

# KING HENRY IV.

## Act II. Sc. ii.

throats: ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed  
knaves! they hate us youth: down with them;  
plunder fleece them.

*men who feed on wealth of  
country*

*Travellers.* O, we are undone, both we and ours for  
ever!

90

*Fal.* Hang ye, big-beelied gorbellied knaves, are ye undone?  
No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were  
here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves!  
young men must live. You are grandjurors, are  
ye? we 'll jure ye, 'faith.

*[Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt.]*

*Re-enter Prince Henry and Poins disguised.*

*Prince.* The thieves have bound the true men. Now  
could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily  
to London, it would be argument for a week,  
laughter for a month and a good jest for ever.

*x subject to  
conversation*

*Poins.* Stand close; I hear them coming.

100

*Enter the Thieves again.*

*Fal.* Come, my masters, let us share, and then to  
horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be  
not two arrant cowards, there's no justice stir-  
ring: there's no more valour in that Poins than  
in a wild-duck.

*justice-fairness*

*Prince.* Your money!

*Poins.* Villains!

*[As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins  
set upon them; they all run away; and  
Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away  
too, leaving the booty behind them.]*

*Prince.* Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are all scatter'd and possess'd with fear  
 So strongly that they dare not meet each other; 110  
 Each takes his <sup>neighbor</sup> fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,  
 And lards the lean earth as he walks along;  
 Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd!

[*Exeunt.*]

### Scene III.

*Warkworth Castle.*

*Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter.*

Hot. 'But for mine own part, my lord, I could be  
 well contented to be there, in respect of the love  
 I bear your house.' He could be contented:  
 why is he not, then? In respect of the love he  
 bears our house: he shows in this, he loves his  
 own barn better than he loves our house. Let  
 me see some more. 'The purpose you undertake  
 is dangerous;'—why, that's certain: 'tis danger-  
 ous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell  
 you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we 10  
 pluck this flower, safety. 'The purpose you  
 undertake is dangerous; the friends you have  
 named uncertain; the time itself <sup>well chosen</sup> ~~unsorted~~, and  
 your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of  
 so great an opposition.' Say you so, say you so?  
 I say unto you again, you are a <sup>silly, stupid</sup> ~~shallow~~ cowardly  
 hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this!  
 By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was  
 laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot,  
 good friends, and full of <sup>promise</sup> ~~expectation~~; an excel- 20

# KING HENRY IV.

## Act II. Sc. iii.

lent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? is there not besides the Douglas? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

*Enter Lady Percy. used to be changed. 78*

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

*Lady.* O, my good lord, why are you thus alone? 40  
For what offence have I this fortnight been  
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?  
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee  
Thy <sup>appetite</sup> stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?  
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,  
And start so often when thou sit'st alone?  
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,  
And given my treasures and my rights of thee

*Tokens of love due  
to me from you* 59

*dull-eyed*  
 To thick-eyed musing and cursed melancholy?  
 In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd, 50  
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;  
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;  
 Cry 'Courage! to the field!' And thou hast talk'd  
 Of sallies and retires, *directly*  
 Of palisadoes, *refrains* frontiers, parapets,  
 Of basilisks, of cannon, *a kind of cannon* culverin,  
 Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain, *fr*  
 And all the currents of a heady fight.  
 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war *deceivably*  
 And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep, *red. - N.B.*  
 That beads of sweat hath stood upon thy brow, *60*  
 Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;  
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,  
 Such as we see when men restrain their breath  
 On some great sudden *delect. couraged* hest. O, what portents are  
 these?

Hot. What, ho!

*Enter Servant.*

*Williams*  
 Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago. 69

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? *roan colored horse* a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will *mount* back him straight: *O* esperance!

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[Exit Servant.]



*Lady.* But hear you, my lord.

*Hot.* What say'st thou, my lady?

*Lady.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

*Lady.* Out, you mad-headed ape! *waywardness* 80

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are toss'd with. In faith,

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title, and hath sent for you

To line *strengthen* his enterprize: but if you go—

*Hot.* So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

*Lady.* Come, come, you paraquito, *little parrot - term of endearment* answer me

Directly unto this question that I ask:

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,

90

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

*Hot.* Away,

Away, you trifler! Love! I love thee not,

I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world

To play with marionets *puppets* and to tilt with lips:

We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,

And pass them current too. God's me, my horse!

What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have  
with me?

*Lady.* Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?

Well, do not then; for since you love me not, 100

I will not love myself. Do you not love me?

Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

*Hot.* Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am o' horseback, I will swear

I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;

I must not have you henceforth question me

Whither I go, nor reason whereabout :  
 Whither I must, I must ; and, to conclude,  
 This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.  
 I know you wise, but yet no farther wise 110  
 Than Harry Percy's wife : constant you are,  
 But yet a woman : and for secrecy,  
 No lady closer ; for I well believe  
 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know ;  
 And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

*Lady.* How ! so far ?

*Hot.* Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate :  
 Whither I go, thither shall you go too ;  
 To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.  
 Will this content you, Kate ?

*Lady.* It must of force. [*Exeunt.* 120

*probably greatest*  
*comedy never written*  
*not an evening*  
*several types of comedy -*  
*not*  
**Scene IV. N.B. this scene.**

*The Boar's-Head Tavern in Eastcheap.*

*Enter the Prince, and Poins.*

*Prince.* Ned, prithee, come out of that <sup>fat</sup> room, and  
 lend me <sup>help me</sup> thy hand to laugh a little.

*Poins.* Where hast been, Hal ?

*Prince.* With three or four <sup>blackheads</sup> loggerheads amongst  
 three or fourscore hogsheds. I have sounded  
 the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am  
 sworn brother to a <sup>be a stinking</sup> leash of drawers ; and can call  
 them all by their <sup>christian</sup> names, as Tom, Dick,  
 and Francis. They take it already <sup>appear</sup> upon their <sup>by their noses</sup>  
 salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, 10  
 yet I am the king of courtesy ; and tell me flatly  
 I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corin-

*King of Courtesy*

*spiced*  
*faustus*

thian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, by the Lord,  
so they call me, and when I am king of England,  
I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap.

They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and  
when you <sup>take breath</sup> breathe in your watering, they cry,  
(2) hem! and bid you <sup>drive away</sup> play it off. I <sup>conclude</sup> con-

clude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter  
of an hour, that I can drink with any <sup>proverbial</sup> tinker

in his own language during my life. I tell thee,  
Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert

not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—  
to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this

pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my  
hand by an <sup>under-skinker</sup> under-skinker, one that never spake

other English in his life than 'Eight shillings  
and sixpence,' and 'You are welcome,' with this

shrill addition, 'Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint  
of bastard in the <sup>Half-moon</sup> Half-moon,' or so. But, Ned,

to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I  
prithee, do thou stand in some by-room, while

I question my puny drawer to what end he gave  
me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling

'Francis,' that his tale to me may be nothing  
but 'Anon,' Step aside, and I'll show thee a

<sup>sample</sup> precedent.

Poins. Francis!

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

[Exit Poins. 40

Enter Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pom-  
garnet, Ralph.

Act II. Sc. iv.

THE FIRST PART OF

Prince. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord?

Prince. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. [Within] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Five year! by 'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart.

Poins. [Within] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see—about Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poins. [Within] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir. Pray stay a little, my lord.

Prince. Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord, I would it had been two!

Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [Within] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or Francis, o' Thursday; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!

the mistakes involving of epitaphs for wit.

KING HENRY IV.

Act II. Sc. iv.

Fran. My lord?

Prince. Wilt thou rob this <sup>① garment generally worn by</sup> leathern jerkin, <sup>capsters</sup> crystal-  
button, <sup>②</sup> not pated, agate-ring, <sup>generally worn on the</sup> puke-stocking,  
<sup>garments made of various materials</sup> caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

Prince. Why, then, your brown bastard is your, only <sup>③</sup> drink; for look you, Francis, your white canvas <sup>drawn</sup> doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [Within] Francis!

Prince. Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call? [Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.]

*Enter Vintner.*

Vint. What, standest thou still, and hearest such a calling? Look to the guests within. [Exit Francis.] My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in? 90

Prince. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [Exit Vintner.] Poins!

*Re-enter Poins.*

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue? 100

Prince. I am now of all <sup>caprices</sup> humours that have showed

themselves humours since the old days of <sup>grandfather</sup> good-  
man Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve  
 o'clock at midnight.

B

*Re-enter Francis.*

What's o'clock, Francis?

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.

[*Exit.*]

*Prince.* That ever this fellow should have fewer  
 words than a parrot, and yet the son of a  
 woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-  
 stairs; his eloquence the <sup>new</sup> parcel of a reckoning. 110  
 I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of  
 the north; he that kills me some six or seven  
 dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands,  
 and says to his wife 'Fie upon this quiet life!  
 I want work.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she,  
 'how many hast thou killed to-day?' 'Give  
 my roan horse a <sup>\* mischief</sup> drench,' says he; and answers  
 'Some fourteen,' an hour after; 'a trifle, a  
 trifle.' I prithee, call in Falstaff: I'll play  
 Percy, and that damned <sup>brown & white</sup> brown shall play Dame 120  
 Mortimer his wife. \* Rivo!' says the drunkard.  
 Call in ribs, call in tallow.

<sup>\* common exclamation  
 of foxes</sup>

*Enter Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto;  
 Francis following with wine.*

*Poins.* Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

*Fal.* A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance  
 too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack,  
 boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew <sup>nothing</sup> neither  
stocks and mend them and foot them too. A



plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack,  
 rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]

*Prince.* Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of 130  
 butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the  
 sweet tale of the sun's! if thou didst, then be-  
 hold that compound.

*Fal.* You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there  
 is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous  
 man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack  
 with lime in it. A villanous coward! Go thy  
 ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood,  
 good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of  
 the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There  
 lives not three good men unchanged in England;  
 and one of them is fat, and grows old: God  
 help the while! a bad world, I say. I would  
 I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any  
 thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

*Prince.* How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

*Fal.* A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of  
 thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all  
 thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese,  
 I'll never wear hair on my face more. You 150  
 Prince of Wales!

*Prince.* Why, you whoreson round man, what's the  
 matter?

*Fal.* Are you not a coward? answer me to that: and  
 Pains there?

*Poins.* 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward,  
 by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

*Fal.* I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I  
 call thee coward: but I would give a thousand

*O a herring  
 140 that he  
 can't love*

pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You 160  
are straight enough in the shoulders, you care  
not who sees your back: call you that backing  
of your friends? A plague upon such backing!  
give me them that will face me. Give me a cup  
of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

*Prince.* O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since  
thou drunkest last.

*Fal.* All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of  
all cowards, still say I.

*Prince.* What's the matter? 170

*Fal.* What's the matter? there be four of us here  
have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

*Prince.* Where is it, Jack? where is it?

*Fal.* Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred  
upon poor four of us.

*Prince.* What, a hundred, man?

*Fal.* I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with  
a dozen of them two hours together. I have  
'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust  
through the doublet, four through the hose; my 180  
buckler cut through and through; my sword  
hacked like a hand-saw—*close fight*  
*here's the proof*—*ecce signum*! I never  
dealt better since I was a man: all would not  
do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak:  
if they speak more or less than truth, they  
are villains and the sons of darkness.

*Prince.* Speak, sirs; how was it?

*Gads.* We four set upon some dozen—

*Fal.* Sixteen at least, my lord.

*Gads.* And bound them.

190

*Peto.* No, no, they were not bound.

*Fal.* You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

*Gads.* As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

*Fal.* And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

*Prince.* What, fought you with them all?

*Fal.* All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of 200 radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

*Prince.* Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

*Fal.* Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let 210 drive at me—

*Prince.* What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

*Hal.* Four, Hal; I told thee four.

*Poins.* Ay, ay, he said four.

*Fal.* These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

*Prince.* Seven? why, there were but four even now.

*Fal.* In buckram?

*Poins.* Ay, four, in buckram suits.

220

*Fal.* Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

*Prince.* Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear me, Hal?

*Prince.* Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

*Fal.* Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of,—

*Prince.* So, two more already.

*Fal.* Their points being broken,—

*Poins.* Down fell their hose. 230

*Fal.* Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

*Prince.* O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

*Fal.* But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

*Prince.* These lies are like their father that begets 240 them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-catch, Fuelaw tub

*Fal.* What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

*Prince.* Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this? 250

*Poins.* Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

*Fal.* What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds, an I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenti-

70 *lay upon  
raisins*

ful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

*Prince.* I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,— 260

*Fal.* 'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish! <sup>dried cod</sup>  
O for breath to utter what is like thee! you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck, ~~rapier set on end~~

*Prince.* Well, breathe a while, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

*Poins.* Mark, Jack.

*Prince.* We two saw you four set on four and bound 270  
them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, <sup>knights</sup> out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! 280  
What trick, what device, what <sup>subterfuge</sup> starting-hole, <sup>excuse</sup>  
canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

*Poins.* Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

*Fal.* By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me

to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, <sup>shut</sup> clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore? 290 300

*Prince.* Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

*Fal.* Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

*Enter Hostess.*

*Host.* O Jesu, my lord the prince!

*Prince.* How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

*Host.* Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

*Prince.* Give him as much as will make him a <sup>1</sup>royal man, and send him back again to my mother. 310

*Fal.* What manner of man is he?

*Host.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

*Prince.* Prithee, do, Jack.

*Fal.* Faith, and I'll send him packing.

[*Exit.*



*Prince.* Now, sirs: by 'r lady, you fought fair; so  
 did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph: you are  
 lions too, yqu ran away upon instinct, you will 320  
 not touch the true prince; no, fie!

*Bard.* Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

*Prince.* Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Fal-  
 staff's sword so hacked?

*Peto.* Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he  
 would swear truth out of England but he would  
 make you believe it was done in fight, and per-  
 suaded us to do the like.

*Bard.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass  
 to make them bleed, and then to beslubber our 330  
 garments with it and swear it was the blood of  
 true men. I did that I did not this seven year  
 before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

*Prince.* O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen  
 years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and *taken in the act - a law term*  
 ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou  
 hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou  
 rannest away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bard.* My lord, do you see these meteors? do you  
 behold these exhalations? *meteors* 340

*Prince.* I do.

*Bard.* What think you they portend?

*Prince.* Hot livers and cold purses.

*Bard.* Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

*Prince.* No, if rightly taken, halter.

*Re-enter Falstaff.*

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone.

How now, my sweet creature of bombast

How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

*Fal.* My own knee! when I was about thy years, 350  
 Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villanous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave <sup>a demon</sup> Amamon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh 360 hook—what a plague call you him?

*Poins.* O, Glendower.

*Fal.* Owen, Owen, the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,—

*Prince.* He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

*Fal.* You have hit it.

*Prince.* So did he never the sparrow. 370

*Fal.* Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

*Prince.* Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running!

*Fal.* O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but afoot he will not budge a foot.

*Prince.* Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

*Fal.* I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps

74 a name of ridicule  
 given to the Scots upon  
 their blue bonnets

more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy 380  
father's beard is turned white with the news:  
you may buy land now as cheap as stinking  
mackerel.

*Prince.* Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot  
June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy  
maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the  
hundreds.

*Fal.* By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we  
shall have good trading that way. But tell me,  
Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being 390  
heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out  
three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas,  
that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower?  
art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy  
blood thrill at it?

*Prince.* Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy  
instinct.

*Fal.* Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow  
when thou comest to thy father: if thou love  
me, practise an answer. 400

*Prince.* Do thou stand for my father, and examine  
me upon the particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content: this <sup>chair of state throne</sup> ~~chair~~ shall be my state,  
this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my  
crown.

*Prince.* Thy state is taken for a <sup>none of bidding chair</sup> ~~joined-stool~~, thy  
golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy <sup>Oh having</sup> ~~precious~~ rich crown for a pitiful bald crown! <sup>a leader</sup>

*Fal.* Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of  
thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup 410  
of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may

be thought I have wept; for I must speak in  
<sup>passion</sup> passion, and I will do it in King Cambyzes' vein.

Prince. Well, here is my leg. <sup>obedience</sup>

Fal. And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.

Host. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are  
 vain.

Host. <sup>By God the father</sup> O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my <sup>mourning</sup> tristful queen; 420

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these <sup>vagabond, strolling</sup> harlotry  
players as ever I see!

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain <sup>strong liquor</sup>

Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spend-  
 est thy time, but also how thou art accompanied:

for though the camomile, the more it is trodden <sup>and their</sup>  
 on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is <sup>+ balance</sup>

wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my  
 son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my 430

own opinion, but chiefly a villanous <sup>peculiarity</sup> trick of thine

eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that

doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me,

here lies the point; why, being son to me, art

thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of

heaven prove a <sup>swart-thief</sup> micher and eat blackberries? a

question not to be asked. Shall the son of

England prove a thief and take purses? a ques-  
 tion to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which

thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many 440

in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as

ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth

the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do

not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

*Prince.* What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

*Fal.* A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; 450  
of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or by 'r lady, inclining to three score; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, 460  
tell me, where hast thou been this month?

*Prince.* Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

*Fal.* Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

*Prince.* Well, here I am set.

*Fal.* And here I stand: judge, my masters.

*Prince.* Now, Harry, whence come you? 470

*Fal.* My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

*Prince.* The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

*Fal.* 'Sblood, my lord, they are false: nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

*Prince.* Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth

ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that <sup>caprices</sup> bolting-hutch of 480 beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that <sup>place in Essex where</sup> grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in <sup>moral &c</sup> years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack <sup>were</sup> and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to <sup>acted</sup> carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but 490 in nothing.

*deep me what you mean*  
Fal. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom means your Grace?

Prince. That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou dost.

*epi goley of matter speak self*  
Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do 500 witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish



Bardolph, banish Poin: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, 510 being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Prince. I do, I will.

[A knocking heard.]

[Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.]

*introduce new tempo.*  
Re-enter Bardolph, running.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

Fal. Out, ye rogue! Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter the Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!—

Prince. Heigh, heigh! <sup>x</sup> the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: what's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

Prince. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your <sup>1</sup> major: if you will deny the sheriff, 530 so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

*probably used for major, previous with play upon the word*  
major = mayor

520

x a proverb

expression

probably

derived from

the French

denunciation

of music

"here's music"

ends about

native

530

x believe

in which

crime

was born to

execution

Act II. Sc. iv.

THE FIRST PART OF

*Language of Repentance*  
*little of courtesy used even to*  
*inferiors*  
 Prince. Go, hide thee behind the arras: the rest walk  
 up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and  
 good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out,  
 and therefore I'll hide me.

Prince. Call in the sheriff.

540

[*Exeunt all except the Prince and Peto.*]

*Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.*

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

*clamour as pursuit of*  
 Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry  
 Hath follow'd certain men unto this house. *a Thief*

Prince. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,  
 A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

Prince. The man, I do assure you, is not here;  
 For I myself at this time have employ'd him.  
 And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee  
 That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,  
 Send him to answer thee, or any man,  
 For any thing he shall be charged withal:  
 And so let me entreat you leave the house.

550

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen  
 Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

Prince. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,  
 He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

*morning*  
 Prince. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

560

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*]

# KING HENRY IV.

Act II. Sc. iv.

*St. Paul's Cathedral*

*Prince.* This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's.  
Go, call him forth.

*Peto.* Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

*Prince.* Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*He searcheth his pockets and findeth certain papers.*] What hast thou found?

*Peto.* Nothing but papers, my lord.

*Prince.* Let 's see what they be: read them.

*Peto.* [*Reads*] *particular article - originally meant*  
Item, A capon, . . . 2s. 4d. *570*  
Item, Sauce, . . . 4d. *known*  
Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d. *104*  
Item, Anchovies and  
sack after supper, . . . 2s. 6d.  
Item, Bread, . . . obolus  $\frac{1}{2}$  penny *penney*

*Prince.* O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to 580 the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and I know his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow, Peto.

*Peto.* Good morrow, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT THIRD.

## Scene I.

N.B. *Glendower**Bangor. The Archdeacon's house.**Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, and Glendower.*

*Mort.* These promises are fair, the parties sure,  
 And our induction full of prosperous hope.

*Hot.* Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,  
 Will you sit down?  
 And uncle Worcester: a plague upon it!  
 I have forgot the map.

*Glend.* No, here it is.  
 Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,  
 For by that name as oft as Lancaster  
 Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and with  
 A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven. 10

*Hot.* And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glen-  
 dower spoke of.

*Glend.* I cannot blame him: at my nativity  
 The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
 Of burning cressets; and at my birth  
 The frame and huge foundation of the earth  
 Shaked like a coward.

*Hot.* Why, so it would have done at the same sea-  
 son, if your mother's cat had but kittened,  
 though yourself had never been born.

*Glend.* I say the earth did shake when I was born. 20

*Hot.* And I say the earth was not of my mind,  
 If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

*Glend.* The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

*Hot.* O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,  
 And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth  
 In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth  
 Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd  
 By the imprisoning of unruly wind 30  
 Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,  
 Shakes the old beldam earth and ~~topples down~~ *thru down*  
 Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth  
 Our ~~grandam~~ *grandmother* earth, having this ~~distemperature~~ *disorder*,  
 In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men  
 I do not bear these ~~crossings~~ *contradictions*. Give me leave  
 To tell you once again that at my birth  
 The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
 The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds  
 Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields. 40  
 These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;  
 And all the courses of my life do show  
 I am not in the roll of common men.  
 Where is he living, ~~clipp'd~~ *enclaved - enveiled* in with the sea  
 That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,  
 Which ~~calls~~ *who* me pupil, or hath ~~read~~ *instructed me* to me?  
 And bring him out that is but woman's son  
 Can ~~trace~~ *track - follow* me in the tedious ways of art,  
 And ~~hold~~ *keep pace with me* me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there's no man speaks better Welsh. 50  
 I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad. { N.B.

Glend. I can call spirits from the ~~vasty~~ *vast* deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;  
 But will they come when you do call for them? }

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command  
 The devil.

*Hot.* And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil  
 By telling truth: tell truth, and shame the devil.  
 If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither, 60  
 And I 'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.  
 O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil!

*Mort.* Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

*Glend.* Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke <sup>raised an armed force</sup> made head  
 Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye  
 And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him  
 Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

*Hot.* Home without boots, and in foul weather too!  
 How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

*Glend.* Come, here 's the map: shall we divide our right 70  
 According to our threefold <sup>arrangement</sup> order taken: <sup>made</sup>

*Mort.* The archdeacon hath divided it  
 Into three limits very equally: <sup>to this part</sup>  
 England, from Trent and Severn <sup>hitherto</sup>,  
 By south and east is to my <sup>share</sup> part assign'd:  
 All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,  
 And all the fertile land within that bound,  
 To Owen Glendower: and, dear coz, to you  
 The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.

<sup>80</sup>  
 And our <sup>mutually</sup> indentures tripartite are drawn; <sup>each person</sup>  
 Which being sealed <sup>interchangeably</sup>, <sup>requires all</sup>  
 A business that this night may execute, <sup>documents</sup>  
 To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I  
 And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth  
 To meet your father and the Scottish power,  
 As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.  
 My <sup>un-bay</sup> father Glendower is not ready yet,  
 Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.



Within that space you may have drawn together  
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords: 91  
And in my <sup>escape</sup> conduct shall your ladies come;  
From whom you now must steal and take no leave,  
For there will be a world of water shed  
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks my <sup>share</sup> nolety, north from Burton here,  
In quantity equals not one of yours:  
See how this river comes me <sup>winding, bending</sup> cranking in,  
And cuts me from the best of all my land  
A huge half-moon, a monstrous <sup>Piece</sup> cantle out. 100  
I'll have the <sup>trim - smooth</sup> current in this place <sup>stopped up,</sup> damm'd up;  
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run <sup>enclosed</sup>  
In a new channel, fair and evenly;  
It shall not wind with such a deep <sup>indentation</sup> indent  
To rob me of so rich a <sup>low lying land, valley</sup> bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.

Mort. Yea, but

Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up  
With like advantage on the other side;  
Gelding the <sup>opposite</sup> opposed continent as much 110  
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will <sup>force into another direction</sup> trench him here,  
And on this north side win this cape of land;  
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.

Glend. I'll not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you, then; speak it in  
Welsh.

120

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you;  
For I was train'd up in the English court;  
Where, being but young, I ~~learned~~ <sup>composed</sup> to the harp  
Many an English ditty lovely well,  
And gave the ~~tongue~~ <sup>English language</sup> a helpful ornament,  
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry,  
And I am glad of it with all my heart:  
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers; 130  
I had rather hear a brazen ~~canstick~~ <sup>crustacean</sup> turn'd, ~~being shaped~~  
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree; <sup>is turning</sup>  
And that would set my teeth ~~nothing~~ <sup>not at all</sup> on edge,  
Nothing so much as ~~infecting~~ <sup>affected</sup> poetry:  
'Tis like the ~~forced~~ <sup>forced</sup> gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land  
To any well-deserving friend;  
But in the way of bargain, mark y<sup>e</sup> me;  
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair. 140  
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Glend. The moon shines fair; you may away by night:

~~Broach the subject~~  
I'll haste the writer, and withal  
~~break with~~ your wives of your departure hence:  
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,  
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [Exit.]

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

Hot. I cannot choose: sometime he angers me  
With telling me of the ~~moldwarp~~ <sup>mole</sup> and the ant,  
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies, 150

~~old musician of~~ 86  
Arthurian Legends

And of a dragon and a finless fish,  
 A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulted raven,  
 A <sup>spring</sup> ~~conching~~ lion and a <sup>rearing</sup> ~~ramping~~ cat,  
 And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff  
 As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—  
 He held me last night at least nine hours  
 In reckoning up the several devils' names  
 That were his lackeys: I cried 'hum,' and 'well, go  
 to,'

But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious  
 As a tired horse, a railing wife; 160  
 Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live  
 With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,  
 Than feed on <sup>delicacies</sup> ~~cates~~ and have him talk to me  
 In any <sup>country</sup> ~~summer~~ house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman.  
 Exceeding well read, and <sup>skilled</sup> ~~profited~~ <sup>attained</sup>  
 In strange <sup>secrets of nature</sup> ~~concealments~~; valiant as a lion, <sup>great</sup>  
 And wondrous affable, and as bountiful <sup>proficient</sup>  
 As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?  
 He holds your <sup>disposition</sup> ~~temper~~ in a high respect, 170  
 And <sup>restrains</sup> ~~curbs~~ himself even of his natural <sup>temperament</sup> ~~scope~~  
 When you come 'cross his humour; faith, he does:  
 I warrant you, that man is not alive  
 Might so have tempted him as you have done,  
 Without the taste of danger and <sup>angry</sup> ~~reproof~~ <sup>reverts</sup>  
 But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful <sup>withfully</sup> ~~blameable~~ <sup>beyond</sup> ~~blame~~;  
 And since your coming hither have done enough  
 To put him quite <sup>beyond</sup> ~~beside~~ his patience.  
 You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault: 180  
 Though sometimes it show greatness, courage,  
 blood,—

And that 's the <sup>best service-houser</sup> ~~dearest~~ grace it renders you,—  
 Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
 Defect of manners, want of government,  
 Pride, haughtiness, <sup>self-conceit</sup> ~~opinion~~ and disdain:  
 The least of which haunting a nobleman  
 Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain  
 Upon the beauty of all parts besides,  
 Beguiling them of commendation.

*Cheating & robbing*  
*Hot.* Well, I am school'd: good manners <sup>stand you in good</sup> ~~be~~ your speed! ~~stead.~~  
 Here come our wives, and let us take our leave. 191

*Re-enter Glendower with the ladies.*

*Mort.* This is the deadly spite that angers me;  
 My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

*Glend.* My daughter weeps: she will not part with you;  
 She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

*Mort.* Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy  
 Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

*[Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she  
 answers him in the same.]*

*Glend.* She is desperate here; a peevish self-will'd  
 harlotry, one that no persuasion can do good  
 upon. *[The lady speaks in Welsh. 200]*

*Mort.* I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh  
 Which thou pour'st down from these swelling  
 heavens

I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,  
 In such a parley should I answer thee.

*avoided on* *[The lady speaks again in Welsh.]*

I understand thy kisses and thou mine,  
 And that's a <sup>conversation</sup> ~~feeling~~ <sup>conversation</sup> ~~disputation~~.

But I will never be a truant, love,  
 Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue

Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,  
 Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower, 210  
 With ravishing <sup>modulation</sup> division, to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

[The lady speaks again in Welsh.]

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this!

Glend. She bids you on the <sup>soft-luxurious</sup> wanton rushes lay you down

And rest your gentle head upon her lap,

And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,

And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,

Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,

Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep

As is the difference betwixt day and night

The hour before the <sup>ear + harness of Phoebus, sung</sup> heavenly-harness'd team 220

Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing:

By that time will our <sup>indentures</sup> book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;

And those musicians that shall play to you

Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,

And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down:

come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in 230  
 thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose.

[The music plays.]

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;

And 'tis no marvel he is so <sup>capricious</sup> humorous.

By'r lady, he is a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical,

for you are altogether governed by humours.

Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in

Welsh. <sup>used as term of endearment</sup>

*female hound*  
 Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish. 240

Lady P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P.\* What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.

*[Here the lady sings a Welsh song.]*

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too. 250

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

*thus* Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! Heart! you swear  
*2-used* like a *confectioner* ~~commit-maker~~'s wife. 'Not you, in good  
*cautiously* sooth,' and 'as true as I live,' and 'as God shall  
*soft* mend me,' and 'as sure as day,'  
*locate* And givest such <sup>(3)</sup> ~~sarcenet~~ surety for thy oaths,  
*rumore* As if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury.  
*out of* Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,  
*see, just* A good mouth-filling oath, and leave 'in sooth,'  
*side walls* And such <sup>(4)</sup> ~~protest~~ of pepper-gingerbread, 260  
*word* To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.  
*dog* Come, sing. *Citizens in Sunday best*

*ty +* Lady P. I will not sing.

*ted* Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be *teacher of* red-music  
*this* breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, *to birds*  
 I'll away within these two hours; and so, come  
 in when ye will. [Exit.]

*mining* Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow  
*elvet* As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.

*see this* By this our book is drawn; we'll but seal, 270  
*vers of*



And then to horse immediately.

*Mort.*

With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

## Scene II.

*London. The palace.*

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.*

*King.* Lords, <sup>courteous form of dismissal</sup> give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I  
Must have some private conference: but be near at  
hand,

For we shall presently have need of you.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

*I know not whether God will have it so,  
For some displeasing service I have done,  
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood  
He'll breed revenge and a scourge for me;  
But thou dost in thy passages of life  
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd  
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven  
To punish my misreadings. Tell me else,  
Could such inordinate and low desires,  
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,  
Such barren pleasures, rude society,  
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,  
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,  
And hold their level with thy princely heart?*

*Prince.* So please your majesty, I would I could  
Quit all offences with as clear excuse  
As well as I am doubtless I can purge  
Myself of many I am charged withal:

Yet such extenuation let me beg,  
As, in reproof of many tales devised,

Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,  
 By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,  
 I may, for some things true, wherein my youth  
 Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,  
 Find pardon on my true submission.

King. God pardon thee! yet let me wonder, Harry,

At thy affections, which do hold a wing

Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.

Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,

Which by thy younger brother is supplied,

And art almost an alien to the hearts

Of all the court and princes of my blood:

The hope and expectation of thy time

Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man

Prophetically doth forethink thy fall.

Had I so lavish of my presence been,

So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,

So stale and cheap to vulgar company,

Opinion, that did help me to the crown,

Had still kept loyal to possession,

And left me in reputeless banishment,

A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.

By being seldom seen, I could not stir

But like a comet I was wonder'd at;

That men would tell their children 'This is he';

Others would say, 'Where, which is Bolingbroke?'

And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,

And dress'd myself in such humility

That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,

Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,

Even in the presence of the crowned king.

Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;

Henry's idea of <sup>92</sup>housen = popular esteem  
 - used for political purposes.

My presence, like a robe pontifical,

Ne'er seen but wonder'd at, and so my state,

Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast,

And won by rareness such solemnity.

The skipping king, he ambled up and down,

With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,

Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his state,

Mingled his royalty with capering fools,

Had his great name profaned with their scorns,

And gave his countenance, against his name,

To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push

Of every beardless vain comparative,

Grew a companion to the common streets,

Inteoff'd himself to popularity;

That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,

They surfeited with honey and began

To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little

More than a little is by much too much.

So when he had occasion to be seen,

He was but as the cuckoo is in June,

Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes

As, sick and blunted with community,

Afford no extraordinary gaze,

Such as is bent on sun-like majesty

When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;

But rather drowz'd and hung their eyelids down,

Slept in his face and render'd such aspect

As cloudy men use to their adversaries,

Being with his presence glutted, gorged and full.

And in that very line, Harry, standest thou;

For thou hast lost thy princely privilege

With vile participation: not an eye

But is a-weary of thy common sight,  
 Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more;  
 Which now doth that I would not have it do, 90  
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

*Prince.* I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,  
 Be more myself.

*King.* For all the world  
 As thou art to this hour was Richard then  
 When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,  
 And even as I was then is Percy now.  
 Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,  
 He hath more worthy <sup>claim to</sup> interest to the state  
 Than thou the shadow of succession;  
 For of no right, nor colour like to right, 100  
 He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,  
 Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,  
 And, being no more in debt to years than thou,  
 Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on  
 To bloody battles and to bruising arms.  
 What never-dying honour hath he got  
 Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,  
 Whose hot incursions and great name in arms  
 Holds from all soldiers <sup>pre-eminence</sup> chief majority  
 And military title <sup>principle</sup> capital, 110  
 Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ:  
 Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,  
 This infant warrior, in his enterprizes  
 Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,  
<sup>set free</sup> Enlarged him and made a friend of him,  
 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,  
 And shake the peace and safety of our throne.  
 And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,

*His grace, the Archbishop of York*

The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,  
*form a league*  
 Capitulate against us and are up. *in arms* 120

But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?

Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,

Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?

Thou that art like enough, through *servile* vassal fear,

Base inclination and the *impulse of caprice* start of spleen

To fight against me under Percy's pay,

To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,

To show how much thou art degenerate.

*Prince.* Do not think so; you shall not find it so:

And God forgive them that so much have sway'd

Your majesty's good thoughts away from me! 131

I will redeem all this on Percy's head,

And in the closing of some glorious day

Be bold to tell you that I am your son; *perhaps*

When I will wear a garment all of blood, *decoration*

And stain my *features* favours in a bloody mask, *usually wear*

Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it: *knights*

And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights, *in their*

That this same child of honour and renown, *helmet*

This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight, 140

And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.

For every honour sitting on his helm,

Would they were multitudes, and on my head

My shames redoubled! for the time will come,

That I shall make this northern youth exchange

His glorious deeds for my indignities.

Percy is but my *a gent* factor, good my lord,

To *amass* engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;

And I will call him to so strict account,

That he shall render every glory up,

150

Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,  
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.  
 This, in the name of God, I promise here:  
 The which if he be pleased I shall perform,  
 I do beseech your majesty may salve  
 The long-grown wounds of my <sup>greases</sup> imperance: <sup>bands</sup>  
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands,  
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths  
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

*King.* A hundred thousand rebels die in this: 160  
 Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

*Enter Blunt.*

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

*Blunt.* So hath the business that I come to speak of.  
 Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word  
 That Douglas and the English rebels met  
 The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury:  
 A mighty and a fearful head they are,  
 If promises be kept on every hand,  
 As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

*King.* The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day; 170  
 With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;  
 For this <sup>information news</sup> advertisement is five days old:  
 On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;  
 On Thursday we ourselves will march: our meeting  
 Is Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you shall march  
 Through Gloucestershire; by which account,  
 Our business valued, <sup>being considered</sup> some twelve days hence  
 Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.  
 Our hands are full of business: let's away; 179  
 Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*]



KING HENRY IV.

Act III. Sc. iii.

Scene III.

*The Boar's-Head Tavern in Eastcheap.*

*Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.*

*Fal. grow thinner*  
*variety of apple that*  
*shrivels*  
*in good condition*  
*with keep*  
*to ruin, corruption*  
*to malt*  
*horse, a*  
*series of*  
*continues*  
*for a*  
*heavy*  
*20*  
*within reasonable*  
*limits*  
*Admiral's ship*  
*with a lantern in*  
*the stern*

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple john. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it: come sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in

the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art  
the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

30

*Bard.* Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

*Fal.* No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as  
many a man doth of a Death's-head or a <sup>③</sup>memento mori: I never see thy face but I think  
upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple;  
for there he is in his robes, burning, burning.  
If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would  
swear by thy face; my oath should be, 'By this  
fire, that's God's angel': but thou art altogether  
given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in  
thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou  
rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my  
horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an <sup>wild</sup>ignis  
<sup>the wisp</sup>fatuus or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase  
in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an  
everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me  
a thousand marks in links and torches, walking  
with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern:  
but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have  
bought me lights <sup>as good a bargain</sup>as good cheap at the dearest  
chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that  
salamander of yours with fire any time this two  
and thirty years: God reward me for it!

40

50

*Bard.* 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

*Fal.* God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-  
burned.

*Enter Hostess.*

How now, <sup>④</sup>Dame Partlet the hen! have you in-  
quired yet who picked my pocket?

*Host.* Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John?

do you think I keep thieves in my house? I 60  
have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

*Fal.* Ye lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman, go.

*Host.* Who, I? no; I defy thee: God's light, I was never called so in mine own house before.

*Fal.* Go to, I know you well enough. 70

*Host.* No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

*Fal.* Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away <sup>kind of coarse linen</sup> to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them. <sup>scrives for me</sup>

*Host.* Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, 80  
Sir John, for your diet and by drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound. <sup>drinks at odd times, between meals</sup>

*Fal.* He had his part of it; let him pay.

*Host.* He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

*Fal.* How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let him coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. <sup>swalther coin - 10 of penny</sup> What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grand- 90  
father's worth forty mark.

*Host.* O Jesu, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

*Fal.* How! the prince is a Jack, a <sup>one who reveals private his cup</sup> ~~sneak-cup~~: sblood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

*Enter the Prince and Peto, marching, and Falstaff meets them playing on his truncheon like a fife.*

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march? ①

*Bard.* Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion. 100

*Host.* My lord, I pray you, hear me.

*Prince.* What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly? How doth thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

*Host.* Good my lord, hear me.

*Fal.* Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

*Prince.* What sayest thou, Jack?

*Fal.* The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets. 110

*Prince.* What didst thou lose, Jack?

*Fal.* Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

*Prince.* A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

*Host.* So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

*Prince.* What! he did not? 120

*Host.* There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

*Fal.* There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a

① drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee.

Go, you thing; go.

*Host.* Say, what thing? what thing?

*Fal.* What thing! why, a thing to thank God on.

*Host.* I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

*Fal.* Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

*Host.* Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

*Fal.* What beast! why, an otter.

*Prince.* An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

*Fal.* Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

140

*Host.* Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!

*Prince.* Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

*Host.* So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

*Prince.* Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

*Fal.* A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million: thou owest me thy love.

150

*Host.* Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

*Fal.* Did I, Bardolph?

*Bard.* Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

*Fal.* Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

*Prince.* I say 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

*Fal.* Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare: but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp. 160

*Prince.* And why not as the lion?

*Fal.* The king himself is to be feared as the lion: dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break.

*Prince.* O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whoreson, impudent, <sup>stivole</sup>embossed rascal, 170 if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong: art thou not ashamed?

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocence Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany? Thou 180 seest I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you picked my pocket?

*Prince.* It appears so by the story.



*Fal.* Hostess, I forgive thee: go, make ready break-fast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am <sup>appeared</sup> ~~pacified~~ still. Nay, prithee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*]  
Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad, how is that answered? 190

*Prince.* O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee: the money is paid back again.

*Fal.* O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

*Prince.* I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

*Fal.* Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too. <sup>immediately</sup>

*Bard.* Do, my lord.

200

*Prince.* I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

*Fal.* I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

*Prince.* Bardolph!

*Bard.* My lord?

*Prince.* Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, 210  
to my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Go, Peto, to horse, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. [*Exit Peto.*] Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple hall at two o'clock in the afternoon.

Act IV. Sc. i.

THE FIRST PART OF

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive  
Money and order for their <sup>provisions - & equipment</sup> furniture.

The land is <sup>alight with war</sup> burning; Percy stands on high;

And either we or they must lower lie. [Exit. 220

Fal. Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my breakfast,  
come!

O, I could wish this tavern were my  <sup>rallying point</sup> drum! [Exit.

ACT FOURTH. <sup>allusion to Cressida of</sup>  
<sup>quitting soldier</sup>  
<sup>by beating drum.</sup>

Scene I.

*The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.*

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth  
In this fine age were not thought flattery,  
Such attribution should the Douglas have,  
As not a soldier of this season's stamp  
Should go so general current through the world.  
By God, I cannot flatter; I do defy  
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place  
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself:  
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour: 10  
No man so potent breathes upon the ground  
But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well.

*Enter a Messenger with letters.*

What letters hast thou here?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.

*Hot.* Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

*Mess.* He cannot come, my lord; he is grievous sick.

*Hot.* 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick  
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?  
Under whose government come they along?

*Mess.* His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord. 20

*Wor.* I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

*Mess.* He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;  
And at the time of my departure thence  
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

*Wor.* I would the state of time had first been whole,  
Ere he by sickness had been visited:  
His health was never better worth than now.

*Hot.* Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect  
The very life-blood of our enterprise;  
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp. 30  
He writes me here, that inward sickness—  
And that his friends by deputation could not  
So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet  
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust  
On any soul removed but on his own.  
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,  
That with our small conjunction we should on,  
To see how fortune is disposed to us;  
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,  
Because the king is certainly possess'd 40  
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

*Wor.* Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

*Hot.* A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:  
And yet, in faith, it is not; his present want  
Seems more than we shall find it: were it good  
To set the exact wealth of all our states

All at one cast? to set so rich a main  
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?  
It were not good; for therein should we read  
The very bottom and the soul of hope, 50  
The very list, the very utmost bound  
Of all our fortunes.

*Doug.* Faith, and so we should;  
Where now remains a sweet reversion:  
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what  
Is to come in:  
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

*Hot.* A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,  
If that the devil and mischance look big  
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

*Wor.* But yet I would your father had been here. 60  
The quality and hair of our attempt  
Brooks no division: it will be thought  
By some, that know not why he is away,  
That wisdom, loyalty and mere dislike  
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence:  
And think how such an apprehension  
May turn the tide of fearful faction,  
And breed a kind of question in our cause;  
For well you know we of the offering side  
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement, 70  
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence  
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:  
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,  
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear  
Before not dreamt of.

*Hot.* You strain too far.  
I rather of his absence make this use:

It lends a lustre and more great opinion,  
A larger dare to our great enterprise,  
Than if the earl were here; for men must think,  
If we without his help can make a head 80  
To push against a kingdom, with his help  
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down,  
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

*Doug.* As heart can think: there is not such a word  
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

*Enter Sir Richard Vernon.*

*Hot.* My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

*Ver.* Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.  
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,  
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.

*Hot.* No harm: what more?

*Ver.* And further, I have learn'd, 90  
The king himself in person is set forth,  
Or hitherwards intended speedily,  
With strong and mighty preparation.

*Hot.* He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,  
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,  
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside  
And bid it pass?

*Ver.* All furnish'd, all in arms;  
All plumed like estridges that wing the wind;  
Baited like eagles having lately bathed;  
Glittering in golden coats, like images; 100  
As full of spirit as the month of May,  
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;  
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.  
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,

His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,  
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,  
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,  
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
And witch the world with noble horsemanship. 110

*Hot.* No more, no more: worse than the sun in March,  
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;  
They come like sacrifices in their trim,  
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war  
All hot and bleeding will we offer them:  
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit  
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire  
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh  
And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my horse,  
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt 120  
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:  
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,  
Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.  
O that Glendower were come!

*Ver.* There is more news:  
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,  
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

*Doug.* That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

*Wor.* Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

*Hot.* What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

*Ver.* To thirty thousand.

*Hot.* Forty let it be: 130  
My father and Glendower being both away,  
The powers of us may serve so great a day.  
Come, let us take a muster speedily:  
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.



# KING HENRY IV.

## Act IV. Sc. ii.

*Doug.* Talk not of dying: I am out of fear  
Of death or death's hand for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*]

### Scene II.

*A public road near Coventry.*

*Enter Falstaff and Bardolph. in way to war*

*Fal.* Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me  
a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march  
through; we 'll to Sutton Co'fil' to-night.

*Bard.* Will you give me money, captain?

*Fal.* Lay out, lay out.

*Bard.* This bottle makes an angel.

*Fal.* An if it do, take it for thy labour; an if it make  
twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage.  
Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at town's end.

*Bard.* I will, captain: farewell.

[*Exit.* 10

*Fal.* If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a  
soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press  
damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hun-  
dred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd  
pounds. I press me none but good householders,  
yeomen's sons; inquire me out contracted bache-  
lors, such as had been asked twice on the banns;  
such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lieve  
hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report  
of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt  
wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts-  
and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger  
than pins'-heads, and they have bought out their  
services; and now my whole charge consists of

here  
symbol  
of Falstaff  
himself  
his over  
for him  
20 in  
the  
=

ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of com-  
 panies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted  
cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores;  
 and such as indeed were never soldiers, but dis-  
 carded unjust serving-men, younger sons to  
 younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers  
 trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world and a  
 long peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged  
 than an old faced ancient: and such have I, to fill  
 up the rooms of them that have bought out their  
 services, that you would think that I had a hun-  
 dred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from  
 swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A  
 mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had  
 unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead  
 bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll  
not march through Coventry with them, that's  
flat: nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the  
 legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had  
 the most of them out of prison. There's but a  
 shirt and a half in all my company; and the half  
 shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown  
 over the shoulders like a herald's coat without  
 sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen  
 from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose  
 innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; 50  
they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

poorer  
 classes  
 had p.e  
 instead  
 of 30 tapestry

shows  
 to  
 Falstaff  
 & groins  
 + inclusion  
 not

hence our word  
 lavender

*Enter the Prince and Westmoreland.*

*Prince.* How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

*Fal.* What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil  
 dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of

Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

*West.* Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night. 60

*Fal.* Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

*Prince.* I think, to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

*Fal.* Mine, Hal, mine.

*Prince.* I did never see such pitiful rascals.

*Fal.* Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men. 70

*West.* Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

*Fal.* Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

*Prince.* No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

*Fal.* What, is the king encamped?

*West.* He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long. 80

*Fal.* Well,

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast

Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. [Exeunt.

## Scene III.

*The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.*

*Hot.* We'll fight with him to-night.

*Wor.* It may not be.

*Doug.* You give him then advantage.

*Ver.* Not a whit.

*Hot.* Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

*Ver.* So do we.

*Hot.* His is certain, ours is doubtful.

*Wor.* Good cousin, be advised; stir not to-night.

*Ver.* Do not, my lord.

*Doug.* You do not counsel well:

You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

*Ver.* Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,

And I dare well maintain it with my life,

If well-respected honour bid me on,

10

I hold as little counsel with weak fear

As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle

Which of us fears.

*Doug.* Yea, or to-night.

*Ver.* Content.

*Hot.* To-night, say I.

*Ver.* Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,

Being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag back our expedition: certain horse

Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:

20

Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;

And now their pride and mettle is asleep,

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,  
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

*Hot.* So are the horses of the enemy  
In general, journey-bated and brought low:  
The better part of ours are full of rest.

*Wor.* The number of the king exceedeth ours;  
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.  
[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*]

*Enter Sir Walter Blunt.*

*Blunt.* I come with gracious offers from the king,      30  
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

*Hot.* Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God  
You were of our determination!  
Some of us love you well; and even those some  
Envy your great deservings and good name,  
Because you are not of our quality,  
But stand against us like an enemy.

*Blunt.* And God defend but still I should stand so,  
So long as out of limit and true rule  
You stand against anointed majesty.      40  
But to my charge. The king hath sent to know  
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon  
You conjure from the breast of civil peace  
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land  
Audacious cruelty. If that the king  
Have any way your good deserts forgot,  
Which he confesseth to be manifold,  
He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed  
You shall have your desires with interest,  
And pardon absolute for yourself and these      50  
Herein misled by your suggestion.

*Hot.* The king is kind; and well we know the king  
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay;  
My father and my uncle and myself  
Did give him that same royalty he wears;  
And when he was not six and twenty strong,  
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,  
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,  
My father gave him welcome to the shore;  
And when he heard him swear and vow to God 60  
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,  
To sue his livery and beg his peace,  
With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,  
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,  
Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.  
Now when the lords and barons of the realm  
Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,  
The more and less came in with cap and knee;  
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,  
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes, 70  
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,  
Gave him their heirs, as pages follow'd him  
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.  
He presently, as greatness knows itself,  
Steps me a little higher than his vow  
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,  
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh;  
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform  
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees  
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth, 80  
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep  
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,  
This seeming brow of justice, did he win



The hearts of all that he did angle for;  
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads  
Of all the favourites that the absent king  
In deputation left behind him here,  
When he was personal in the Irish war.

*Blunt.* Tut, I came not to hear this.

*Hot.*

Then to the point.

In short time after, he deposed the king; 90  
Soon after that, deprived him of his life;  
And in the neck of that, task'd the whole state;  
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March,  
Who is, if every owner were well placed,  
Indeed his king, to be engaged in Wales,  
There without ransom to lie forfeited;  
Disgraced me in my happy victories,  
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;  
Rated mine uncle from the council-board;  
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court; 100  
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,  
And in conclusion drove us to seek out  
This head of safety, and withal to pry  
Into his title, the which we find  
Too indirect for long continuance.

*Blunt.* Shall I return this answer to the king?

*Hot.* Not so, Sir Walter: we'll withdraw a while.

Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd  
Some surety for a safe return again,  
And in the morning early shall mine uncle 110  
Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

*Blunt.* I would you would accept of grace and love.

*Hot.* And may be so we shall.

*Blunt.*

Pray God you do. [*Exeunt.*]

## Scene IV.

*Archbishop crawls here of his own free will*  
 York. The Archbishop's palace.

*Enter the Archbishop of York and Sir Michael.*

*Arch.* Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief  
 With winged haste to the lord marshal;  
 This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest  
 To whom they are directed. If you knew  
 How much they do import, you would make haste.

*Sir M.* My good lord,  
 I guess their tenour.

*Arch.* Like enough you do.  
 To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day  
 Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men  
 Must hide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury, 10  
 As I am truly given to understand,  
 The king with mighty and quick-raised power  
 Meets with Lord Harry: and, I fear, Sir Michael,  
 What with the sickness of Northumberland,  
 Whose power was in the first proportion,  
 And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,  
 Who with them was a rated sinew too  
 And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies,  
 I fear the power of Percy is too weak  
 To wage an instant trial with the king. 20

*Sir M.* Why, my good lord, you need not fear;  
 There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

*Arch.* No, Mortimer is not there.

*Sir M.* But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,  
 And there is my Lord of Worcester and a head  
 Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

*Arch.* And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn

The special head of all the land together:  
 The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,  
 The noble Westmoreland and warlike Blunt; 30  
 And many mo corrivals and dear men  
 Of estimation and command in arms.

*Sir M.* Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well opposed.

*Arch.* I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;  
 And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:  
 For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king  
 Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,  
 For he hath heard of our confederacy,  
 And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:  
 Therefore make haste. I must go write again 40  
 To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT FIFTH.

### Scene I.

*The King's camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter the King, the Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaff.*

*King.* How bloodily the sun begins to peer  
 Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale  
 At his distemperature.

*Prince.* The southern wind  
 Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,  
 And by his hollow whistling in the leaves  
 Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

*King.* Then with the losers let it sympathise,  
 For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

[*The trumpet sounds.*]

*Enter Worcester and Vernon.*

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well  
That you and I should meet upon such terms 10  
As now we meet. You have deceived our trust,  
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,  
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:  
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.  
What say you to it? will you again unknit  
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?  
And move in that obedient orb again  
Where you did give a fair and natural light,  
And be no more an exhaled meteor, 20  
A prodigy of fear, and a portent  
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

*Wor.* Hear me, my liege:

For mine own part, I could be well content  
To entertain the lag-end of my life  
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,  
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

*King.* You have not sought it! how comes it, then?

*Fal.* Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

*Prince.* Peace, chewet, peace!

*Wor.* It pleased your majesty to turn your looks 30  
Of favour from myself and all our house;  
And yet I must remember you, my lord,  
We were the first and dearest of your friends.  
For you my staff of office did I break  
In Richard's time; and posted day and night  
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,  
When yet you were in place and in account  
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.

It was myself, my brother, and his son,  
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare 40  
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,  
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,  
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;  
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,  
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:  
To this we swore our aid. But in short space  
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;  
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,  
What with our help, what with the absent king,  
What with the injuries of a wanton time, 50  
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,  
And the contrarious winds that held the king  
So long in his unlucky Irish wars  
That all in England did repute him dead:  
And from this swarm of fair advantages  
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd  
To gripe the general sway into your hand;  
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;  
And being fed by us you used us so  
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird, 60  
Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest;  
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk  
That even our love durst not come near your sight  
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing  
We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly  
Out of your sight and raise this present head;  
Whereby we stand opposed by such means  
As you yourself have forged against yourself,  
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,  
And violation of all faith and troth 70

Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

*King.* These things indeed you have articulate,  
Proclaim'd at market crosses, read in churches,  
To face the garment of rebellion  
With some fine colour that may please the eye  
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,  
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news  
Of hurlyburly innovation:  
And never yet did insurrection want  
Such water-colours to impaint his cause; 80  
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time  
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

*Prince.* In both your armies there is many a soul  
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,  
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,  
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world  
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,  
This present enterprise set off his head,  
I do not think a braver gentleman,  
More active-valiant or more valiant-young, 90  
More daring or more bold, is now alive  
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.  
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,  
I have a truant been to chivalry;  
And so I hear he doth account me too;  
Yet this before my father's majesty—  
I am content that he shall take the odds  
Of his great name and estimation,  
And will, to save the blood on either side,  
Try fortune with him in a single fight. 100

*King.* And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,  
Albeit considerations infinite



Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no,  
 We love our people well; even those we love  
 That are misled upon your cousin's part;  
 And, will they take the offer of our grace,  
 Both he and they and you, yea, every man  
 Shall be my friend again and I'll be his:  
 So tell your cousin, and bring me word  
 What he will do: but if he will not yield, 110  
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us  
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone;  
 We will not now be troubled with reply:  
 We offer fair; take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.*]

*Prince.* It will not be accepted, on my life:  
 The Douglas and the Hotspur both together  
 Are confident against the world in arms.

*King.* Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;  
 For, on their answer, will we set on them:  
 And God befriend us, as our cause is just! 120

[*Exeunt all but the Prince of Wales and Falstaff.*]

*Fal.* Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and be-  
 stride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

*Prince.* Nothing but a colossus can do thee that  
 friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

*Fal.* I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all well.

*Prince.* Why, thou owest God a death. [Exit.

*Fal.* 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him  
 before his day. What need I be so forward  
 with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no  
 matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how 130  
 if honour prick me off when I come on? how  
 then? Can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm?

N.B.

no: or take away the grief of a wound? no.  
 Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no.  
 What is honour? a word. What is in that  
 word honour? what is that honour? air. A  
 trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died  
 o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth  
 he hear it? no. 'Tis insensible, then? yea, to  
 the dead. But will it not live with the living? 140  
 no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. There-  
 fore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere <sup>i</sup>scut-  
 cheon: and so ends my catechism. [Exit.

bleen  
shield

## Scene II.

*The rebel camp.*

*Enter Worcester and Vernon.*

*Wor.* O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,  
 The liberal and kind offer of the king.

*Ver.* 'Twere best he did.

*Wor.* Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,  
 The king should keep his word in loving us;  
 He will suspect us still, and find a time  
 To punish this offence in other faults:  
 Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;  
 For treason is but trusted like the fox,  
 Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd and lock'd up, 10  
 Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.  
 Look how we can, or sad or merrily,  
 Interpretation will misquote our looks,  
 And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,  
 The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.

My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;  
 It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood;  
 And an adopted name of privilege,  
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:

All his offences live upon my head 20

And on his father's; we did train him on,  
 And, his corruption being ta'en from us,  
 We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.  
 Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,  
 In any case, the offer of the king.

*Ver.* Deliver what you will; I'll say 'tis so.  
 Here comes your cousin.

*Enter Hotspur and Douglas.*

*Hot.* My uncle is return'd:  
 Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.  
 Uncle, what news? 30

*Wor.* The king will bid you battle presently.

*Doug.* Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

*Hot.* Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

*Doug.* Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [Exit.

*Wor.* There is no seeming mercy in the king.

*Hot.* Did you beg any? God forbid!

*Wor.* I told him gently of our grievances.  
 Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,  
 By now forswearing that he is forsworn:  
 He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge 40  
 With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

*Re-enter Douglas.*

*Doug.* Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown  
 A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,

And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it;  
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

*Wor.* The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,  
And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.

*Hot.* O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,  
And that no man might draw short breath to-day  
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me, 50  
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

*Ver.* No, by my soul; I never in my life  
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,  
Unless a brother should a brother dare  
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.  
He gave you all the duties of a man;  
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,  
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,  
Making you ever better than his praise  
By still dispraising praise valued with you; 60  
And, which became him like a prince indeed,  
He made a blushing cital of himself;  
And chid his truant youth with such a grace  
As if he master'd there a double spirit  
Of teaching and of learning instantly.  
There did he pause: but let me tell the world,  
If he outlive the envy of this day,  
England did never owe so sweet a hope,  
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

*Hot.* Cousin, I think thou art enamoured 70  
On his follies: never did I hear  
Of any prince so wild a libertine.  
But be he as he will, yet once ere night  
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,  
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.

Arm, arm with speed: and, fellows, soldiers, friends,  
Better consider what you have to do  
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,  
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, here are letters for you. 80

*Hot.* I cannot read them now.

O gentlemen, the time of life is short!  
To spend that shortness basely were too long,  
If life did ride upon a dial's point,  
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.  
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;  
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!  
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,  
When the intent of bearing them is just.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace. 90

*Hot.* I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,

For I profess not talking; only this—

Let each man do his best: and here draw I

A sword, whose temper I intend to stain

With the best blood that I can meet withal

In the adventure of this perilous day.

Now, Esperance! Percy! and set on.

Sound all the lofty instruments of war,

And by that music let us all embrace;

For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall 100

A second time do such a courtesy.

[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*]

## Scene III.

*Plain between the camps.*

*The King enters with his power. Alarum to the battle.*

*Then enter Douglas and Sir Walter Blunt.*

*Blunt.* What is thy name, that in the battle thus  
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek  
Upon my head?

*Doug.* Know then, my name is Douglas;  
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,  
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

*Blunt.* They tell thee true.

*Doug.* The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought  
Thy likeness; for instead of thee, King Harry,  
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,  
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner. 10

*Blunt.* I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;  
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge  
Lord Stafford's death.

*[They fight. Douglas kills Blunt.]*

*Enter Hotspur.*

*Hot.* O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,  
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

*Doug.* All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.

*Hot.* Where?

*Doug.* Here.

*Hot.* This, Douglas? no: I know this face full well:  
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt; 20  
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

*Doug.* A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!  
A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear:

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

*Hot.* The king hath many marching in his coats.

*Doug.* Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;  
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,  
Until I meet the king.

*Hot.* Up, and away!

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*]

*Alarum. Enter Falstaff, solus.*

*Fal.* Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I 30  
fear the shot here; here's no scoring but upon  
the pate. Soft! who are you? Sir Walter  
Blunt: there's honour for you! here's no  
vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy  
too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more  
weight than mine own bowels. I have led my  
ragamuffins where they are peppered: there's  
not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and  
they are for the town's end, to beg during life.  
But who comes here?

*Falstaff*  
*Nota*  
*Coward*  
40

*Enter the Prince.*

*Prince.* What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword!  
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff  
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,  
Whose deaths are yet unrevenged: I prithee, lend  
me thy sword.

*Fal.* O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe a  
while. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in  
arms as I have done this day. I have paid  
Percy, I have made him sure.

*Prince.* He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I  
prithee, lend me thy sword.

50



*Fal.* Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

*Prince.* Give it me: what, is it in the case?

*Fal.* Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city.

[*The Prince draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sack.*]

*Prince.* What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

[*He throws the bottle at him. Exit.*]

*Fal.* Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. 60  
I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end. [Exit.]

### Scene IV.

*Another part of the field.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, and Earl of Westmoreland.*

*King.* I prithee,  
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.  
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

*Lan.* Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

*Prince.* I beseech your majesty, make up,  
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

*King.* I will do so.  
My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

*West.* Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

*Prince.* Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help: 10

And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive  
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,  
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,  
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

*Lan.* We breathe too long: come, cousin Westmoreland,  
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

*[Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland.]*

*Prince.* By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;  
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit;  
Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;  
But now, I do respect thee as my soul. 20

*King.* I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point,  
With lustier maintenance than I did look for  
Of such an ungrown warrior.

*Prince.* O, this boy  
Lends mettle to us all! *[Exit.]*

*Enter Douglas.*

*Doug.* Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:  
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those  
That wear those colours on them: what art thou,  
That counterfeit's the person of a king?

*K. Hen.* The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at  
heart

So many of his shadows thou hast met 30  
And not the very king. I have two boys  
Seek Percy and thyself about the field:  
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,  
I will assay thee: so, defend thyself.

*Doug.* I fear thou art another counterfeit;  
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:  
But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,

And thus I win thee.

[*They fight; the King being in danger,  
re-enter Prince of Wales.*]

*Prince.* Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like  
Never to hold it up again! the spirits 40  
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms;  
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;  
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

[*They fight. Douglas flies.*]

Cheerly, my lord: how fares your grace?  
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,  
And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.

*King.* Stay, and breathe awhile:  
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,  
And show'd thou makest some tender of my life,  
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me. 50

*Prince.* O God! they did me too much injury  
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.  
If it were so, I might have let alone  
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,  
Which would have been as speedy in your end  
As all the poisonous potions in the world,  
And saved the treacherous labour of your son.

*King.* Make up to Clifton: I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.  
[*Exit.*]

*Enter Hotspur.*

*Hot.* If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

*Prince.* Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name. 60

*Hot.* My name is Harry Percy.

*Prince.* Why, then I see  
A very valiant rebel of the name.  
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more:  
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;  
Nor can one England brook a double reign,  
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

*Hot.* Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come  
To end the one of us; and would to God  
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine! 70

*Prince.* I'll make it greater ere I part from thee;  
And all the budding honours on thy crest  
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

*Hot.* I can no longer brook thy vanities. [They fight.]

*Enter Falstaff.*

*Fal.* Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find  
no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Re-enter Douglas; he fights with Falstaff, who falls  
down as if he were dead, and exit Douglas.*

*Hotspur is wounded, and falls.*

*Hot.* O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!  
I better brook the loss of brittle life  
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;  
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my  
flesh: 80  
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;  
And time, that takes survey of all the world,  
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,  
But that the earthy and cold hand of death  
Lies on my tongue: no, Percy, thou art dust,  
And food for— [Dies.]

*Prince.* For worms, brave Percy; fare thee well, great  
heart!

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!  
 When that this body did contain a spirit,  
 A kingdom for it was too small a bound; 90  
 But now two paces of the vilest earth  
 Is room enough: this earth that bears thee dead  
 Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.  
 If thou wert sensible of courtesy,  
 I should not make so dear a show of zeal;  
 But let my favours hide thy mangled face;  
 And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself  
 For doing these fair rites of tenderness.  
 Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!  
 Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave, 100  
 But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

[*He spicth Falstaff on the ground.*]

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh  
 Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!  
 I could have better spared a better man:  
 O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,  
 If I were much in love with vanity!  
 Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,  
 Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.  
 Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:  
 Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.* 110

*Fal.* [*Rising up*] Embowell'd! if thou embowel me  
 to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and  
 eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood 'twas time to  
 counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid  
 me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am  
 no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit: for  
 he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not  
 the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when

a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The 120 better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may he not rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah [*stabbing him*], with a new wound in your 130 thigh, come you along with me.

[*Takes up Hotspur on his back.*]

*Re-enter the Prince of Wales and Lord John of Lancaster.*

*Prince.* Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd  
Thy maiden sword.

*Lan.* But, soft! whom have we here?  
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

*Prince.* I did; I saw him dead,  
Breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art thou  
alive?

Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?  
I prithee, speak; we will not trust our eyes  
Without our ears: thou art not what thou seem'st.

*Fal.* No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but 141  
if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack.  
There is Percy [*throwing the body down*]: if  
your father will do me any honour, so; if not,  
let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to  
be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

*Prince.* Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

*Fal.* Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both 150 at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, 'zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

*Lan.* This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

*Prince.* This is the strangest fellow, brother John.  
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back: 160  
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,  
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.  
Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,  
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt Prince of Wales and Lancaster.*

*Fal.* I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit.*



## Scene V.

*Another part of the field.*

*The trumpets sound. Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, with Worcester and Vernon prisoners.*

*King.* Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.  
Ill-spirited Worcester! did not we send grace,  
Pardon and terms of love to all of you?  
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?  
Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust?  
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,  
A noble earl and many a creature else  
Had been alive this hour,  
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne  
Betwixt our armies true intelligence. 10

*Wor.* What I have done my safety urged me to;  
And I embrace this fortune patiently,  
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

*King.* Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too;  
Other offenders we will pause upon.

*[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded.]*

How goes the field?

*Prince.* The noble Scot, Lord Douglas; when he saw  
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,  
The noble Percy slain, and all his men  
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest; 20  
And falling from a hill, he was so bruised  
That the pursuers took him. At my tent  
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace  
I may dispose of him.

*King.* With all my heart.

*Prince.* Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you  
This honourable bounty shall belong:  
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him  
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:  
His valour shown upon our crests to-day  
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds   30  
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

*Lan.* I thank your grace for this high courtesy,  
Which I shall give away immediately.

*King.* Then this remains, that we divide our power.  
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland  
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,  
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,  
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:  
Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,  
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.   40  
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,  
Meeting the check of such another day:  
And since this business so fair is done,  
Let us not leave till all our own be won.   [*Exeunt.*

## Glossary.

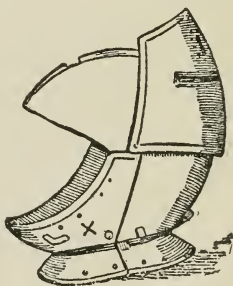
- ✓ *Admiral*, admiral's ship with a lantern in the stern; III. iii. 28.
- ✓ *Advantage*, leisure, II. iv. 594; interest, II. iv. 585; favourable opportunity, III. ii. 180.
- ✓ *Advertisement*, information, news, III. ii. 172; counsel, IV. i. 36.
- ✓ *Advised*, guided by advice; IV. iii. 5.
- ✓ *Affections*, inclinations; III. ii. 30.
- ✓ *Against*; "against his name," contrary to the dignity of his royal name; III. ii. 65.
- ✓ *Allhallowen summer*, i.e. summer weather at the beginning of winter; "spring at Michaelmas" ("Allhallowmas" is on the first of November), in ridicule of Falstaff's youthful frivolity at his advanced age; I. ii. 168.
- ✓ *Amamon*, the name of a demon; II. iv. 358.
- ✓ *Amaze*, throw into disorder; V. iv. 6.
- ✓ *Ancients*, ensigns, IV. ii. 25; "ancient" standard; IV. ii. 33.
- ✓ *Angel*, a coin with the figure of the archangel Michael piercing the dragon with his spear; its value varied from six shillings and eight pence to ten shillings; IV. ii. 6.
- ✓ *Anon, anon!* coming! II. i. 54.
- ✓ *Answer*, repay; I. iii. 185.
- ✓ *Any way*, either way, on either side; I. i. 61.
- ✓ *Apace*, quickly, at a quick pace; V. ii. 90.
- ✓ *Apple-john*, a variety of apple that shrivels with keeping; III. iii. 5.
- ✓ *Appointment*, equipment; I. ii. 185.
- ✓ *Apprehends*, imagines, conceives; I. iii. 209.
- ✓ *Approve me*, prove me, try me; IV. i. 9.
- ✓ *Arbitrement*, judicial inquiry; IV. i. 70.
- ✓ *Argument*, subject for conversation; II. ii. 98.
- ✓ *Arras*, hangings of tapestry; II. iv. 535.
- ✓ *Articulate* = articulated, specified, enumerated (Folios, "articulated"); V. i. 72.
- ✓ *Aspects*, an astrological term; influence of a planet for good or ill; I. i. 97.
- ✓ *Assay thee*, try thee, cross swords with thee; V. iv. 34.
- ✓ *At hand, quoth pick-purse*, a proverbial expression; II. i. 52.

## Glossary

## THE FIRST PART OF

- ✓ *Athwart*, adversely, as though to thwart one's purpose; I. i. 36.
- ✓ *Attempts*, pursuits; III. ii. 13.
- Attended*, waited for; IV. iii. 70.
- Attribution*, praise; IV. i. 3.
- ✓ *Auditor*, an officer of the Exchequer; I. i. 62.
- Away*; "a. all 'night" (so the Quartos)? = march all night; (Folios, "a. all to-night"); IV. ii. 60.
- ✓ *'Ay, when? canst tell?' proverbial phrase expressing scorn*; II. i. 42.
- ✓ *Back*; "turned back," i.e. turned their back, fled; I. ii. 193.
- ✓ *Back*, mount; II. iii. 74.
- ✓ *Baffle*, "originally a punishment of infamy, inflicted on recreant knights, one part of which was hanging them up by the heels" (Nares); I. ii. 108.
- ✓ *Bagpipe*; "the Lincolnshire b.," a favourite instrument in Lincolnshire; a proverbial expression; I. ii. 82.
- Baited*, v. Note; IV. i. 99.
- ✓ *Balk'd*, heaped, piled up ("balk" = "ridge," common in Warwickshire); I. i. 69.
- ✓ *Ballad-mongers*, contemptuous name for "ballad-makers"; III. i. 130.
- ✓ *Bands*, bonds; III. ii. 157.
- ✓ *Banish'd*, lost, exiled (Collier MS. "tarnish'd"); I. iii. 181.

- ✓ *Base*, wicked, treacherous (Quartos, "bare"); I. iii. 108.
- ✓ *Basilisks*, a kind of large cannon; originally a fabulous animal whose look was supposed to be fatal; II. iii. 56. (Illustration in *Cymbeline*.)
- ✓ *Bastard*, sweet Spanish wine; II. iv. 30.
- Bate*, fall off, grow thinner; III. iii. 2.
- Battle*, armed force, army; IV. i. 129.
- ✓ *Bavin*, brushwood, soon burning out; III. ii. 61.
- ✓ *Bears hard*, feels deeply; I. iii. 270.
- Beaver*, properly the lower part of the helmet (marked X in accompanying illustration), as distinguished from the visor or upper part. Often used of the whole helmet; IV. i. 104.



Helmet with visor thrown up and beaver down, i.e. in its natural position. From Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*.

- Become*, adorn, do credit to; II. iv. 531.  
*Beguiling*, cheating, robbing; III. i. 189.  
*Beldam*, aged grandmother; III. i. 32.  
*Beside*, beyond; III. i. 179.  
*Bestride me*, defend me by standing over my body; V. i. 122.  
*Bide*, abide, endure; IV. iv. 10.  
*Blue-caps*, "a name of ridicule given to the Scots from their blue bonnets"; II. iv. 379.  
*Bolters*, sieves for meal; III. iii. 77.  
*Bolting-hutch*, a bin into which meal is bolted; II. iv. 480.  
*Bombard*, a large leathern vessel for holding liquors; II. iv. 482. (Illustration in *The Tempest*.)  
*Bombast*; originally cotton used as stuffing for clothes; II. iv. 347.  
*Bonfire-light*, fire kindled in the open air (originally, a bone-fire: Quarto 1, "*bone-fire light*"; Quarto 2, "*bon-fire light*"; Quartos 3, 4, "*bone-fire light*"; the rest "*Bone-fire-light*"); III. iii. 46.  
*Book*, indentures; III. i. 224.  
*Bootless*, without profit or advantage; III. i. 67.  
*Boots*, booty; with play upon the literal sense of "boots"; II. i. 90.  
*Bosom*, secret thoughts, confidence; I. iii. 266.  
*Bots*, small worms; II. i. 10.  
*Bottom*, low-lying land, valley; III. i. 105.  
*Brach*, a female hound; III. i. 240.  
*Brave*, fine; I. ii. 69.  
*Brawn*, mass of flesh; II. iv. 120.  
*Break with*, broach the subject to; III. i. 144.  
*Breathe*, take breath (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*break*"); II. iv. 17.  
*Breathed*, paused to take breath; I. iii. 102.  
*Brewer's horse*; a disputed point, probably equivalent to *malt-horse*, a term of contempt for a dull heavy beast; III. iii. 10.  
*Brief*, letter, short writing; IV. iv. 1.  
*Bring in*, the call for more wine; I. ii. 40.  
*Brisk*, smart; I. iii. 54.  
*Bruising*; "b. arms," probably arms cramping and bruising the wearers; III. ii. 105.  
*Buckram*, coarse linen stiffened with glue; I. ii. 189.  
*Buffets*; "go to b." = come to blows; II. iii. 35.  
*Buff jerkin*, a jacket of buff-leather, worn by sheriffs' officers; I. ii. 46.  
*Burning*, alight with war; III. iii. 219.  
*Busky*, bosky (Quarto 1, "*bulky*"); V. i. 2.  
*By-drinkings*, drinks at odd times, between meals; III. iii. 81.

## Glossary

## THE FIRST PART OF

- ✓ *By God, soft*"; an exclamation (Folios, "*soft, I pray ye*") ; II. i. 39.
- ✓ *Caddis-garter*, garter made of worsted ribbon ; II. iv. 78.
- Caliver*, corruption of *caliber*, a light kind of musket ; IV. ii. 20.
- ✓ *Candy*, sugared, sweet ; I. iii. 251.
- ✓ *Canker*, dog-rose, wild rose ; I. iii. 176.
- ✓ *Canker'd*, venomous, malignant ; I. iii. 137.
- Cankers*, canker-worms ; IV. ii. 31.
- ✓ *Canstick*, old spelling and pronunciation of *candlestick* (Folios, "*candlestick*") ; III. i. 131.
- ✓ *Cantle*, piece (Quartos, "*scantle*") ; III. i. 100.
- Cap and knee*, doffing of cap and bending of knee ; IV. iii. 68.
- ✓ *Capering*, leaping, skipping (Quarto I, "*capring*"; the rest "*carping*") ; III. ii. 63.
- ✓ *Capital*, principal ; III. ii. 110.
- ✓ *Capitulate*, form a league ; III. ii. 120.
- Carbonado*, meat cut across to be broiled ; V. iii. 60.
- ✓ *Carded*, *v.* Note ; III. ii. 62.
- ✓ *Cart*, vehicle in which a criminal was borne to execution ; II. iv. 531.
- ✓ *Case ye*, mask your faces ; II. ii. 54.
- ✓ *Caterpillars*, men who feed upon the wealth of the country ; II. ii. 86.
- Cates*, delicacies ; III. i. 163.
- Cavil*, quarrel, find fault ; III. i. 140.
- ✓ *Cess*, measure ; II. i. 7.
- Changing*, exchanging ; I. iii. 101.
- ✓ *Charge*, cost, expense, I. i. 35, III. i. 112 ; baggage, II. i. 50 ; command, II. iv. 582.
- ✓ *Charles' wain*, the Great Bear ; II. i. 2.
- ✓ *Chat*, chatter ; I. iii. 65.
- ✓ *Cheap* ; "as good c.," as good a bargain ; III. iii. 50.
- Chewet*, chough, probably jackdaw (used generally in sense of mince-pie) ; V. i. 29.
- ✓ *Chops*, mass of flesh resembling meat ; a term of contempt ; I. ii. 144.
- ✓ *Christen*, Christian (Quartos 5, 6, 7, 8, "*Christian*" ; omitted in Folios) ; II. iv. 8.
- ✓ *Chuffs*, churlish misers, II. ii. 92.
- Cital*, mention, citation ; V. ii. 62.
- ✓ *Clap to*, shut ; II. iv. 296.
- ✓ *Clipp'd in*, enclosed, encircled ; III. i. 44.
- Close*, grapple, hand to hand fight ; I. i. 13.
- Cloudy men*, men with cloudy looks ; III. ii. 83.
- ✓ *Cock*, cockcrow ; II. i. 19.
- Colour*, give a specious appearance to ; I. iii. 109.
- ✓ *Colt*, befool ; II. ii. 39.
- ✓ *Come near me*, hit me ; I. ii. 14.
- ✓ *Comfit-maker*, confectioner ; III. i. 253.
- ✓ *Commodity*, supply ; I. ii. 89.

- ✓ *Common-hackney'd*, vulgarised; III. ii. 40.
- ✓ *Commonwealth*, used quibblingly; II. i. 88.
- ✓ *Community*, commonness, frequency; III. ii. 77.
- ✓ *Comparative*, "a dealer in comparisons, one who affects wit"; III. ii. 67.
- ✓ *—*, full of comparisons; I. ii. 86.
- ✓ *Compass*; "in good c.," within reasonable limits; III. iii. 22.
- ✓ *Concealments*, secrets of nature; III. i. 167.
- ✓ *Condition*, natural disposition; I. iii. 6.
- ✓ *Conduct*, escort; III. i. 92.
- ✓ *Confound*, spend, wear away; I. iii. 100.
- Conjunction*, assembled force; IV. i. 37.
- ✓ *Contagious*, baneful; I. ii. 208.
- Contracted*, engaged to be married; IV. ii. 16.
- ✓ *Corinthian*, spirited fellow; II. iv. 12.
- ✓ *Corpse*, corpses (Quarto I and Folios I, 2, "corpes"); I. i. 43.
- Correction*, punishment; V. i. III.
- ✓ *Corrival*, rival, competitor; I. iii. 207.
- ✓ *Couching*, couchant, lying down (the heraldic term); III. i. 153.
- Countenance*, patronage, with play upon literal sense of word, I. ii. 32; sanction, III. ii. 65; bearing, V. i. 69.

- ✓ *Cousin*, kinsman; I. iii. 292.
- ✓ *Cobblers*, deceivers (used quibblingly); I. iii. 255.
- ✓ *Cranking*, winding, bending; III. i. 98.
- ✓ *Cressets*, open lamps or burners, set up as beacons, or carried on poles; III. i. 15.



From a specimen preserved in the Tower of London.

- ✓ *Crisp*, curled, rippled; I. iii. 106.
- ✓ *Crossings*, contradictions; III. i. 36.
- Crown*, enthrone; III. i. 217.
- ✓ *Crystal button*, generally worn upon the jerkin of vintners; II. iv. 76.
- Cuckoo's bird*, the young of the cuckoo; V. i. 60.
- Cuisses*, armour for the thighs (Quartos and Folios, "cushes"); IV. i. 105.
- ✓ *Culverin*, a kind of cannon; II. iii. 56.



## Glossary

- ✓ *Curbs*, restrains, holds in check; III. i. 171.
- ✓ *Cut*, the name of a horse; II. i. 5.
- Daff'd*, put aside, doffed (Quartos and Folios "*daft*") ; IV. i. 96.
- ✓ *Damm'd*, stopped up, enclosed (Quartos 1, 2, 6 and Folios, "*damnd*") ; III. i. 101.
- Dangerous*, indicating danger; V. i. 69.
- ✓ *Dank*, damp; II. i. 8.
- Dare*, daring; IV. i. 78.
- Daventry*, a town in Northamptonshire; commonly pronounced "*Dahntry*" (Quartos 1-5, "*Dauintry*"; Quartos 6, 7, 8, "*Daintry*," etc.); IV. ii. 50.
- Dear*, eagerly desired, urgent, I. i. 33; worthy, valued, IV. iv. 31.
- ✓ *Dearest*, best; III. i. 182.
- Defend*, forbid; IV. iii. 38.
- Defy*, renounce, abjure, I. iii. 228; despise, IV. i. 6.
- Deliver*, report; V. ii. 26.
- ✓ *Deliver'd*, related, reported; I. iii. 26.
- ✓ *Denier*, the smallest coin, the tenth part of a penny; III. iii. 87.
- ✓ *Deny*, refuse; I. iii. 29.
- Deputation*; "in d.," as deputies; IV. iii. 87.
- ✓ *Deputy of the ward*, local police officer; III. iii. 126.
- ✓ *Devil rides upon a fiddle-stick*, a proverbial expression, probably derived from the

## THE FIRST PART OF

- puritanic denunciation of music, and meaning, "here's much ado about nothing"; II. iv. 521. (See Notes.)
- ✓ *Devised*, untrue, forged; III. ii. 23.
- Discarded*, dismissed; IV. ii. 28.
- Discontents*, malcontents; V. i. 76.
- ✓ *Disdain'd*, disdainful; I. iii. 183.
- Dislike*, discord, dissension; V. i. 26.
- ✓ *Disputation*, conversation; III. i. 206.
- ✓ *Distemperature*, disorder; III. i. 34.
- ✓ *Divide myself*, cut myself in half; II. iii. 35.
- ✓ *Division*, modulation; III. i. 211.
- Doff*, put off; V. i. 12.
- ✓ *Doubt*, suspect, fear; I. ii. 191.
- ✓ *Dowlas*, a kind of coarse linen; III. iii. 76.
- Draff*, refuse of food, given to swine; IV. ii. 37.
- Drawn*, gathered together, collected; IV. i. 33.
- ✓ *Drawn Fox*, "a fox scented and driven from cover; such a one being supposed to be full of tricks"; III. iii. 125.
- Draws*, draws back; IV. i. 73.
- Dread*, awful, terrible; V. i. 111.
- ✓ *Drench*, mixture of bran and water; II. iv. 117.
- ✓ *Drone*, "the largest tube of the bagpipe, which emits a hoarse sound resembling that of the drone bee"; I. ii. 82.

- Drowzed*, looked sleepily; III. ii. 81.  
*Drum*, an allusion probably to the enlisting of soldiers by the beating of the drum; hence, perhaps, rallying point; III. iii. 223.  
*Durance*, a strong material of which prisoners' clothes were made; called also "everlasting"; used quibblingly; I. ii. 47.  
*Duties*, (?) dues, (?) homage; V. ii. 56.  
*Eastcheap*, a "cheap" or market, in the east of London, noted for its eating-houses and taverns; I. ii. 138.  
*Ecce signum*, here's the proof; II. iv. 182.  
*Embossed*, swoolen; III. iii. 170.  
*Embowell'd*, i.e. for embalming; V. iv. 109.  
*Enfeoff'd himself*, gave himself up entirely (Quartos 6, 7, 8, "enforc't"); III. ii. 69.  
*Engaged*, detained as hostage (Pope, "encaged"); IV. iii. 95.  
*Engross up*, amass (*up*, intensive) (Quartos 1, 2, and Folios, "*up*"; the rest, "*my*"); III. ii. 148.  
*Enlarged*, set free; III. ii. 115.  
*Enlargement*, escape; III. i. 31.  
*Entertain*, pass peaceably; V. i. 24.  
*Envy*, malice, enmity; V. ii. 67.  
*Equity*, justice, fairness; II. ii. 103.  
*Esperance*, the motto of the Percy family, and their battle-cry; II. iii. 74.  
*Estimation*, conjecture; I. iii. 272.  
*Estridges*, ostriches; IV. i. 98.  
*Even*, modestly, prudently; I. iii. 285.  
*Exhalations*, meteors; II. iv. 340.  
*Expectation*, promise; II. iii. 20.  
*Expedience*, expedition; I. i. 33.  
*Eye of death*, look of deadly terror; I. iii. 143.  
*Face*, trim, set off; V. i. 74.  
*Factor*, agent; III. ii. 147.  
*Fall off*, prove faithless; I. iii. 94.  
*Father*, father-in-law; III. i. 87.  
*Fathom-line*, lead line; I. iii. 204.  
*Fat room*, probably "vat-room"; II. iv. 1.  
*Eat-witted*, heavy witted, dull; I. ii. 2.  
*Favours*, a scarf or glove given by a lady to her knight, V. iv. 96; features (Hammer "favour" = face); perhaps "decorations usually worn by knights in their helmets," III. ii. 136.  
*Fear'd*, feared for; IV. i. 24.  
*Fearfully*, in fear; I. iii. 105.  
*Fears*, the objects of our fears; I. iii. 87.  
*Fceds*; "f. him," i.e. feeds himself; III. ii. 180.

## Glossary

- ✓ *Feeling*, carried on by touch, with play upon the word (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*feeble*") ; III. i. 206.
- ✓ *Fellow*, neighbour, companion ; II. ii. 111.
- ✓ *Fern-seed* ; "the receipt of f.," i.e. the receipt for gathering fern-seed ; according to popular superstition these seeds were invisible, and any one who could gather them was himself rendered invisible ; II. i. 95.
- ✓ *Figures*, shapes created by the imagination ; I. iii. 209.
- ✓ *Finsbury*, the common resort of citizens, just outside the walls ; III. i. 257.
- ✓ *Fleece*, plunder them ; II. ii. 88. *Flesh'd*, stained with blood ; V. iv. 133.
- ✓ *Flocks*, tufts of wool ; II. i. 6.
- ✓ *Fobbed*, cheated ; tricked (Quartos 7, 8, "*snub'd*") ; I. ii. 65.
- ✓ *Foil*, tinsel on which a jewel is set to enhance its brilliancy (Quartos 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and Folios, "*soile*") ; I. ii. 225.
- ✓ *Foot*, foot-soldiers, infantry ; II. iv. 582.
- ✓ *Foot land-rakers*, foot-pads (Quartos "*footland rakers*" ; Folios, "*Footland-Rakers*") ; II. i. 80.
- ✓ *Forced*, compelled by whip and spur ; III. i. 135.
- Foul*, bad (Folio 2, "*soure*" ; Folios 3, 4, "*sowre*") ; V. i. 8.

## THE FIRST PART OF

- ✓ *Found* ; "f. me," found me out, discovered my weakness ; I. iii. 3.
- ✓ *Four by the day*, four o'clock in the morning ; II. i. 1.
- ✓ *Framed*, planned, composed ; III. i. 123.
- ✓ *Franklin*, freeholder or yeoman ; II. i. 59.
- ✓ *Frets*, used equivocally for (i.) chafes, and (ii.) wears out ; II. ii. 2.
- ✓ *From*, away from ; III. ii. 31.
- ✓ *Front*, confront ; II. ii. 61.
- Frontier*, forehead, brow ; I. iii. 19.
- ✓ *Frontiers*, outworks ; II. iii. 55.
- Full of rest*, thoroughly rested ; IV. iii. 27.
- ✓ *Furniture*, furnishing, equipment ; III. iii. 218.
- ✓ *Gadshill* ; a hill two miles northwest of Rochester on the Canterbury Road ; a well-known resort of highwaymen ; I. ii. 133.
- ✓ *Gage*, engage, pledge ; I. iii. 173.
- ✓ *Gait*, walk, pace ; III. i. 135.
- Gall*, annoy ; I. iii. 229.
- ✓ *Garters*, an allusion to the Order of the Garter ; "He may hang himself in his own garters," was an old proverbial saying ; II. ii. 46.
- ✓ *Gelding*, horse ; II. i. 38.
- , taking away from ; III. i. 110.
- ✓ *Gib cat*, old tom cat ; I. ii. 80.
- ✓ *Gilliams*, another form of Williams ; II. iii. 68.

- ✓ *Given*, inclined, disposed; III. iii. 16.
- ✓ *'God save the mark!'* a deprecatory exclamation; I. iii. 56.
- ✓ *Goodman*, grandfather; II. iv. 102.
- ✓ *Good morrow*, good morning; II. iv. 559.
- ✓ *'Good night,'* an exclamation expressing desperate resignation (*cp.* the use of *buona notte* among the Italians to this day); I. iii. 194.
- ✓ *Garbellied*, big-bellied; II. ii. 91.
- Government*; "good g.," self-control, used quibblingly, I. ii. 31; command, IV. i. 19.
- ✓ *Grace*, service, honour, III. i. 182.
- ✓ *Grace*; "the Archbishop's grace, of York," *i.e.* his Grace the Archbishop of York; III. ii. 119.
- ✓ *Grandam*, grandmother; III. i. 34.
- ✓ *Grapple*, wrestle, struggle; I. iii. 197.
- Grief*, physical pain; I. iii. 51; V. i. 133.
- Griefs*, grievances; IV. iii. 42.
- Gull*, unfledged bird; V. i. 60.
- ✓ *Gummed*; "g. velvet," *i.e.* stiffened with gum; II. ii. 2.
- Gyves*, fetters; IV. ii. 43.
- ✓ *Habits*, garments; I. ii. 184.
- Hair*, peculiar quality, nature, character; IV. i. 61.
- ✓ *Half-fac'd*, half-hearted; I. iii. 208.
- ✓ *Half-moon*, the name of a room in the tavern; II. iv. 30.
- ✓ *Half-sword*, close fight; II. iv. 179.
- ✓ *'Happy man: be his dole,'* happiness be his portion; a proverbial expression; II. ii. 78.
- ✓ *Hardiment*, bravery, bold encounter; I. iii. 101.
- ✓ *Hare*, "flesh of hare was supposed to generate melancholy"; I. ii. 83.
- Harlotry*, vixen; III. i. 199.
- ✓ *Harlotry players*, vagabond (or strolling) players; II. iv. 422.
- ✓ *Harness*, armour, armed men; III. ii. 101.
- ✓ *Head*, armed force (used quibblingly); I. iii. 284.
- , "made head," raised an armed force; III. i. 64.
- Head of safety*, protection in an armed force; IV. iii. 103.
- Hearken'd for*, longed for; V. iv. 52.
- ✓ *Heavenly-harness'd team*, the car and horses of Phœbus, the sun-god; III. i. 221.
- ✓ *Hem*, an exclamation of encouragement; II. iv. 18.
- Herald's coat*, tabard, or sleeveless coat, still worn by heralds; IV. ii. 47.
- ✓ *Hest*, behest, command; II. iii. 65.
- ✓ *Hind*, boor; II. iii. 17.
- ✓ *Hitherto*, to this spot; III. i. 74.
- ✓ *Hold in*, restrain themselves; II. i. 84.
- ✓ *Hold me pace*, keep pace with me; III. i. 49.

## Glossary

## THE FIRST PART OF

- ✓ *Holy-rood day*, fourteenth of September; I. i. 52.
- ✓ *Home*, "to pay home," i.e. thoroughly, fully; I. iii. 288.
- ✓ *Homo*; "'homo' is a common name to all men," a quotation from the Latin grammars of the time; II. i. 103.
- ✓ *Hopes*, anticipations; I. ii. 221.
- ✓ *Horse*, horses; II. i. 3.
- ✓ *Hot in question*, earnestly discussed; I. i. 34.
- ✓ *Hue and cry*, a clamour in pursuit of a thief; II. iv. 542.
- ✓ *Humorous*, capricious; III. i. 234.
- ✓ *Humours*, caprices; II. iv. 101; II. iv. 480.
- Hurlyburly*, tumultuous; V. i. 78.
- ✓ *Hybla*; "honey of H." (so Quartos, but Folios, "honey," omitting "of H."); three towns of Sicily bore this name, and one of them was famed for its honey; I. ii. 45.
- Hydra*, the many-headed serpent killed by Hercules; V. iv. 25.
- ✓ *'Ignis fatuus'*, Will o' the wisp; III. iii. 43.
- Ignomy*, dishonour (Quartos 1, 2, 3, 8, Folios 3, 4, "ignominy," so Cambridge Ed., the rest "ignomy"); V. iv. 100.
- ✓ *Immask*, mask, conceal; I. ii. 189.
- ✓ *Impawn'd*, pledged, left as hostage; IV. iii. 108.
- ✓ *Impeach*, accuse, reproach; I. iii. 75.
- ✓ *Impressed*, pressed, compelled to fight; I. i. 21.
- ✓ *Indent*, indentation; III. i. 104. —, bargain, compound with, make an indenture; I. iii. 87.
- ✓ *Indentures tripartite*, triple agreement, i.e. "drawn up in three corresponding copies"; III. i. 80.
- Indirect*, wrong, out of the direct course, wrongful; IV. iii. 105.
- ✓ *Induction*, beginning; III. i. 2.
- Injuries*, wrongs; V. i. 50.
- Intelligence*, intelligencers, informers; IV. iii. 98.
- ✓ *Intemperance*, excesses, want of moderation (Folios, "intemperature"); III. ii. 156.
- Intended*, intending to march (Collier MS., "intendeth"); IV. i. 92.
- ✓ *Interchangeably*, mutually (each person signing all the documents); III. i. 81.
- ✓ *Interest to*, claim to; III. ii. 98.
- ✓ *Irregular*, lawless; I. i. 40.
- ✓ *Item*, "a separate article, or particular, used in enumeration," originally meant "likewise, also"; II. iv. 570.
- ✓ *Iteration*, "damnable iteration," "a wicked trick of repeating and applying holy texts" (Johnson); I. ii. 97.
- ✓ *Jack*, frequently used as a term of contempt; II. iv. 12.

- ✓ *Joined-stool*, a sort of folding chair; II. iv. 406.  
*Journey-bated*, exhausted by their long march; IV. iii. 26.  
✓ *Jumps*, agrees; I. ii. 74.  
*Justling*, busy; IV. i. 18.
- ✓ *Kendal green*, a woollen cloth made at Kendal, Westmoreland; II. iv. 237.  
✓ *Kept*, dwelt; I. iii. 244.  
✓ *King Christen*, Christian king (Folios, "in Christendom"); II. i. 18.  
*Knows*, becomes conscious of; IV. iii. 74.
- ✓ *Lack-brain*, emptyheaded fellow; II. iii. 17.  
*Lag-end*, latter end; V. i. 24.  
✓ *Lay by*, the words used by highwaymen to their victims; properly a nautical term, "slacken sail"; I. ii. 39.  
✓ *Leaden*, having a leaden sheath; II. iv. 407.  
*Leading*; "great 1.," well-known generalship; IV. iii. 17.  
✓ *Lean*, scanty; I. ii. 79.  
✓ *Leaping-houses*, brothels; I. ii. 10.  
✓ *Leash*, three in a string; II. iv. 7.  
✓ *Leathern jerkin*, a garment generally worn by tapsters; II. iv. 76.  
✓ *Leave*; "good leave," full permission, I. iii. 20; "give us leave," a courteous form of dismissal, III. ii. 1.  
✓ *Leg*, obeisance; II. iv. 414.
- ✓ *Lend me thy hand*, help me; II. iv. 2.  
✓ *Lct him*, let him go; I. i. 91.  
✓ *Let'st slip*, let'st loose (the greyhound); I. iii. 278.  
*Libertine* (Capell's emendation of Quartos 1, 2, 3, 4, "a libertie"; Quarto 5, etc., "at libertie"; Collier MS., "of liberty"); V. ii. 72.  
✓ *Lies*, lodges; I. ii. 137.  
*Lieve*, lief, willingly; IV. ii. 18.  
✓ *Lighted*, alighted; I. i. 63.  
✓ *Liking*; "in some 1.," in good condition; III. iii. 6.  
✓ *Line*, rank; III. ii. 85.  
✓ *Line*, strengthen; II. iii. 86.  
✓ *Links*, torches carried in the streets before lamps were introduced; III. iii. 47.  
✓ *Liquored*, made waterproof; II. i. 93.  
*List*, limit; IV. i. 51.  
✓ *Loggerheads*, blockheads; II. iv. 4.  
✓ *Longstaff*; "long-staff sixpenny strikers," fellows who infested the roads with long-staffs, and knocked men down for sixpence; II. i. 81.  
*Look big*, look threateningly; IV. i. 58.  
✓ *Lugged bear*, a bear led through the streets by a rope tied round its head; I. ii. 80.
- Mad*, madcap, merry; IV. ii. 38.  
*"Maid Marian"*, a character in the Morris Dances, originally Robin Hood's mistress, often personated by a man dressed



## Glossary

as a woman; III. iii. 125.  
(Cp. illustration.)



From a black-letter ballad of the  
XVIIth century.

*Main*, a stake at gaming; IV. i. 47.

*Maintenance*, carriage; V. iv. 22.

✓ *Major*, probably used for "major premiss," with a play upon "major" = "mayor"; II. iv. 530.

✓ *Majority*, pre-eminence; III. ii. 109.

*Make against*, oppose; V. i. 103.

*Makest tender of*, hast regard for; V. iv. 49.

*Make up*, go forward, advance; V. iv. 5.

✓ *Malevolent*, hostile, an astrological term; I. i. 97.

✓ *Malt-worms*, "mustachio purple-hued malt-worms," i.e. ale-topers; those who dip their mustachios so deeply and perpetually in liquor as to stain them purple-red; II. i. 82.

## THE FIRST PART OF

✓ *Mammets*, puppets; II. iii. 95.

✓ *Manage*, direction; II. iii. 52.

✓ *Manner*; "taken with the m.," i.e. taken in the act; a law term (*captus cum manuo-pere*); II. iv. 335.

✓ *Manningtree*, a place in Essex where the "Moralities" were acted; during the fair held there an ox was roasted whole; II. iv. 483.

✓ *Mark*, a coin worth thirteen shillings and fourpence; II. i. 60.

✓ *Marked*, heeded, observed; I. ii. 92.

*Master'd*, possessed, owned; V. ii. 64.

✓ *Masters*; "my m.," a familiar title of courtesy used even to inferiors; II. iv. 536.

✓ *Mean*, means; I. iii. 261.

✓ *Medicines*, alluding to the common belief in love-potions; II. ii. 19.

✓ *Melancholy as a cat*, 'an old proverbial expression; I. ii. 80.

✓ *Memento mori*, a ring upon the stone of which a skull and cross-bones were engraved, commonly worn as a reminder of man's mortality; III. iii. 35.

✓ *Mercy*, "I cry you mercy," I beg your pardon; I. iii. 212.

✓ *Merlin*, the old magician of the Arthurian legends; III. i. 150.

✓ *Micher*, truant, thief (*moocher*, a truant; a blackberry moucher, a boy who plays



truant to pick blackberries," Akerman's *Glossary of Provincial Words*); II. iv. 436.

✓ *Milliner*; "perfumed like a milliner"; a man who dealt in fancy articles, especially articles of personal adornment, which he was in the habit of constantly perfuming; I. III. 36.

✓ *Mincing*, affected; III. i. 134.

✓ *Minion*, darling; favourite; I. i. 83.

✓ *Misprision*, misapprehension; I. iii. 27.

*Misquote*, misinterpret; V. ii. 13.

✓ *Mistreadings*, sins, transgressions; III. ii. 11.

✓ *Misuse*, ill-treatment; I. i. 43.

*Mo*, more; IV. iv. 31.

✓ *Moiety*, share; III. i. 96.

✓ *Moldwarp*, mole; III. i. 149.

✓ *Moody*, discontented, angry; I. iii. 19.

✓ *Moorditch*, part of the stagnant ditch surrounding London, between Bishopsgate and Cripplegate; I. ii. 84.

✓ *More*; "the more and less," high and low; IV. iii. 68.

✓ *Moulten*, moulting; III. i. 152.

✓ *Mouthed*, gaping, I. iii. 97.

✓ *Muddy*, dirty, rascally; II. i. 105.

✓ *Mutual*, having common interests (Quarto 8, "*naturall*"); I. i. 14.

✓ *Natural scope*, natural temperament; III. i. 171.

✓ *Neat's tongue*, ox tongue; II. iv. 262.

*Neck*; "in the n. of that," immediately after; IV. iii. 92.

✓ *Neglectingly*, slightly, carelessly; I. iii. 52.

✓ *Nether stocks*, stockings; II. iv. 126.

✓ *Newgate fashion*, "as prisoners are conveyed to Newgate, fastened two and two together"; III. iii. 100.

✓ *New reap'd*, trimmed in the newest style; I. iii. 34.

✓ *Next*, nearest, surest; II. i. 9; III. i. 264.

*Nice*, precarious; IV. i. 48.

✓ *Noted*, well known, familiar; I. ii. 189.

✓ *Nothing*, not at all; III. i. 133.

✓ *Not-pated*, close cropped; II. iv. 77.

✓ *Ob*, abbreviation of obolus (properly a small Greek coin), halfpenny; II. iv. 575.

*Offering*, challenging, assailing; IV. i. 69.

*Old faced*, old patched; IV. ii.

33.

✓ *Oneyers*; "great o.," probably a jocose term for "great ones" (v. Note); II. i. 84.

✓ *Opinion*, self-conceit, III. i. 185; public opinion, reputation, III. ii. 42.

✓ *Opposed*, standing opposite, confronting, I. i. 9; opposite, III. i. 110.

*Orb*, sphere; V. i. 17.

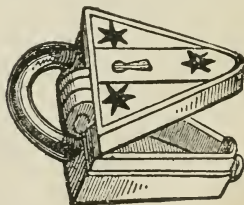
✓ *Order* ta'en, arrangement made; III. i. 71.

## Glossary

- ✓ *O*, the father, i.e. by God the Father; II. iv. 419.
- ✓ *Ought*, owed; III. iii. 147.
- Outdare*, out-brave, defy; V. i. 40.
- ✓ *Outfaced*, frightened; II. iv. 274.
- ✓ *Pacified*, appeased, III. iii. 188.
- Painted cloth*, tapestry worked or painted with figures and scenes, with which the walls of rooms were hung; IV. ii. 26.
- ✓ *Palisadoes*, pallisades; II. iii. 55.
- ✓ *Paraquito*, little parrot, term of endearment; II. iii. 88.
- ✓ *Parcel*, item, II. iv. 110; small part, III. ii. 159.
- ✓ *Parley*, conversation (of looks); III. i. 204.
- ✓ *Parmaceti*, spermaceti. the sperm of the whale; I. iii. 58.
- ✓ *Part*; "on his p.," on his behalf (Folios, "in his behalfe"), I. iii. 133; share, III. i. 75.
- ✓ *Participation*; "vile p." low companions; III. ii. 87.
- ✓ *Partlet*; "Dame P." the name of the hen in the old story of "Reynard the Fox" (cp. Chaucer's *Nonnes Preestes Tale*); III. iii. 57.
- ✓ *Passages*; "thy p. of life," the actions of thy life; III. ii. 8.
- ✓ *Passion*, sorrow, II. iv. 413; suffering, III. i. 35.
- ✓ *Patience*, composure of mind; I. iii. 200.

## THE FIRST PART OF

- ✓ *Paul's*, St. Paul's Cathedral; "a constant place of resort for business and amusement"; II. iv. 561.
- ✓ *Peach*, betray you, turn King's evidence; II. ii. 46.
- ✓ *Peremptory*, bold, unawed; I. iii. 17.
- Personal*, in person; IV. iii. 88.
- ✓ *Pick-thanks*, officious parasites; III. ii. 25.
- Pierce*, with play on *Percy* (probably pronounced *perce*); V. iii. 58.
- ✓ *Pinch*, vex, torment; I. iii. 229.
- Pismires*, ants; I. iii. 240.
- ✓ *Play off*, toss off at a draught; II. iv. 18.
- ✓ *Point*, head of the saddle; II. i. 6.
- ✓ *Pomgarnet*, Pomegranate, the name of a room in the tavern; II. iv. 42.
- ✓ *Popinjay*, parrot; I. iii. 50.
- Possess'd*, informed; IV. i. 40.
- ✓ *Possession*, the possessor; III. ii. 43.
- ✓ *Post*, messenger; I. i. 37.
- ✓ *Poulter*, poulterer; II. iv. 466.
- ✓ *Pouncet-box*, a small smelling



From a XIVth century specimen, formerly in the possession of W. Chaffers, Esq., F. S. A.

- box perforated with holes for musk or other perfumes; I. iii. 38.
- Powder*, salt; V. iv. 112.
- Power*, army, force; I. i. 22.
- Precedent*, sample; II. iv. 37.
- Predicament*, condition, category; I. iii. 168.
- Presently*, immediately; II. i. 65.
- Profited*, skilled, attained to great proficiency; III. i. 166.
- Prologue to an egg and butter*, grace before an ordinary sort of breakfast; I. ii. 23.
- Prosperous hope*, hope of prospering; III. i. 2.
- Protest*, a word used of petty and affected oaths; III. i. 260.
- Prune*, applied to birds, to trim; to pick out damaged feathers and arrange the plumage with the bill; I. i. 98.
- Puke-stocking*, (probably) dark-coloured stocking; II. iv. 77.
- Purchase*, gain, plunder (*Folios*, "*purpose*"); II. i. 100.
- Push*; "stand the p. of," expose himself to; III. ii. 66.
- Quality*, party; IV. iii. 36.
- Question*, doubt, misgiving; IV. i. 68.
- Quiddities*, equivocations; I. ii. 51.
- Quilt*, a quilted coverlet; IV. ii. 52.
- Quips*, sharp jests; I. ii. 49.
- Quit*, acquit, excuse; III. ii. 19.
- Rabbit-sucker*, sucking rabbit; II. iv. 466.
- Ramping*, rampant, rearing to spring; the heraldic term; III. i. 153.
- Rare*, excellent, used perhaps quibblingly; I. ii. 69.
- Rash*, quick, easily excited; III. ii. 61.
- Rated*, chid, scolded; IV. iii. 99.
- Rated*, reckoned upon, relied upon; IV. iv. 17.
- Razes*, roots, (?) packages, bales; II. i. 25.
- Read*; "hath r. to me," instructed me; III. i. 46.
- Reasons*, with a play upon "raisins"; II. iv. 255.
- Rebuke*, chastisement; V. i. 111.
- Red-breast teacher*, teacher of music to birds; III. i. 264.
- Regard*, opinion; IV. iii. 57.
- Remember you*, remind you; V. i. 32.
- Reprisal*, prize; IV. i. 118.
- Reproof*, confutation, refutation; I. ii. 200, III. ii. 23; angry retorts, III. i. 175.
- Respect*, attention; IV. iii. 31.
- Retires*, retreats; II. iii. 54.
- Revenge*, revenge; III. ii. 7.
- Reversion*, hope of future possession; IV. i. 53.
- Rich*, fertile; III. i. 105.
- Rivo*, a common exclamation of toppers; II. iv. 121.
- Roan*, roan-coloured horse; II. iii. 72.
- Roundly*, roundly, speak out plainly; I. ii. 24.

## Glossary

## THE FIRST PART OF

✓ *Royal*, a quibbling allusion to the "royal" coin (= 10 shillings; a "noble" = 6s. 8d.); II. iv. 310.

*Rub the elbow* (in token of enjoyment); V. i. 77.

✓ *Rudely*, "by thy violent conduct"; III. ii. 32.

✓ *Sack*, Spanish and Canary wines; I. ii. 3.

✓ *Sack and sugar*, alluding to the then custom of putting sugar into wines; I. ii. 120.

✓ *Saint Nicholas' clerks*, thieves, highwaymen (? due to a confusion of (1) Saint Nicholas, the patron saint of scholars, and (2) the familiar use of "Old Nick"); II. i. 66.

✓ *Salamander*, an animal supposed to be able to live in fire; III. iii. 51.

✓ *Sarcenet*, a thin kind of silk, originally made by the Saracens, whence its name; here used contemptuously for soft, delicate; III. i. 256.

✓ *Scandalized*, disgraced (Folios 2, 3, 4, "so scandalized"); I. iii. 154.

*Scot and lot*, taxes; V. iv. 115.

*Seat*, estates; V. i. 45.

✓ *Seldom*, rarely seen; III. ii. 58.

*Semblably*, similarly; V. iii. 21.

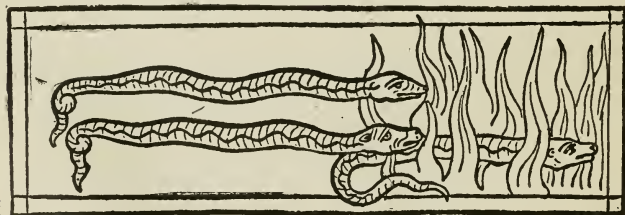
✓ *Servant*, used adjectively, subject; I. iii. 19.

✓ *Service*, action; III. ii. 5.

*Set a match*, made an appointment in thieves' slang, "planned a robbery" (Folios "watch"); I. ii. 114.

*Set off*; "s. o. his head," "taken from his account"; V. i. 88.

✓ *Setter*, the one who set the match; II. ii. 52.



Salamanders.

From an illuminated MS. of the XIVth century.

✓ *Salt-petre*, nitre; I. iii. 60.

✓ *Salvation*; "upon their s.," i.e. by their hopes of salvation (Folios, "confidence"); II. iv. 10.

✓ *Seven stars*, the Pleiades; I. ii. 15.

✓ *Shallow*, silly, stupid; II. iii. 16.

✓ *Shape of likelihood*, probability; I. i. 58.

- ✓ *Shelter, shelter*, "conceal yourself quickly; II. ii. 1.  
*Shot-free*, scot-free, free from charge; with play upon the word; V. iii. 30.
- ✓ *Shotten herring*, a herring that has cast its roe; II. iv. 140.
- ✓ *Similes*, comparisons (Quartos 1-4 and Folio I, "*smiles*") ; I. ii. 85.
- Sinew*, strength; IV. iv. 17.
- ✓ *Sink or swim*, "an old English proverbial expression implying to run the chance of success or failure"; I. iii. 194.
- ✓ *Sirrah*, generally used to an inferior; here an instance of unbecoming familiarity; I. ii. 188.
- ✓ *Skill*, wisdom, good policy; I. ii. 226.
- ✓ *Skimble-skamble*, wild, confused; III. i. 154.
- ✓ *Skippping*, flighty, thoughtless; III. ii. 60.
- ✓ *Stovenly*, battle-stained; I. iii. 44.
- ✓ *Smug*, trim, smooth; III. i. 102.
- ✓ *Sneak-cup*, (probably) one who sneaks from his cup; III. iii. 95.
- ✓ *Snuff*; "took it in snuff," i.e. took it as an offence; with a play upon "snuff" in the ordinary sense; I. iii. 41.
- So*, howsoever; IV. i. 11.
- ✓ *Solemnity*, awful grandeur, dignity; III. ii. 59.
- Soothers*, flatterers; IV. i. 7.
- Soused gurnet*, a fish pickled in vinegar, a term of contempt; IV. ii. 12.
- ✓ *Spanish-pouch*, evidently a contemptuous term = drunkard; II. iv. 78.
- ✓ *Speed*; "be your s.," stand you in good stead; III. i. 190.
- Spite*, vexation; III. i. 192.
- ✓ *Spleen*, waywardness; II. iii. 81.
- ✓ *Spoil*, ruin, corruption; III. iii. 12.
- ✓ *Squier*, square (Quarto 8, "*squaire*"; Folios 3, 4, "*square*"; the rest "*squire*"; II. ii. 13.
- ✓ *Squire*; "s. of the night's body," a play upon "squire of the body," i.e. attendant upon a knight; I. ii. 26.
- ✓ *Stain'd*, soiled, bespattered (Folio I, "*strained*"; I. i. 64.
- ✓ *Standing-tuck*, rapier set on end; II. iv. 265.
- ✓ *Start*; "s. of spleen," impulse of caprice; III. ii. 125.
- ✓ *Start'ing-hole*, subterfuge, evasion; II. iv. 281.
- Starve*, to starve (Folios "*staru'a*"); I. iii. 159.
- ✓ *Starveling*, a starved, lean person; II. i. 75.
- ✓ *Starving*, longing; V. i. 81.
- ✓ *State*, chair of state, throne; II. iv. 403.
- Stay*, linger; "we shall stay" = we shall have stayed; IV. ii. 80.
- Steal*, steal yourselves away; III. i. 93.
- ✓ *Stock-fish*, dried cod; II. iv. 262.
- ✓ *Stomach*, appetite; II. iii. 44.

*Strait*, strict; IV. iii. 79.

✓ *Strappado*; "the strappado is when a person is drawn up to his height, and then suddenly to let him fall half way with a jerk, which not only breaketh his arms to pieces, but also shaketh all his joints out of joint, which punishment is better to be hanged, than for a man to undergo" (Randle Holme, in his *Academy of Arms and Blazon*); II. iv. 253.

✓ *Strength*, strong words, terms; I. iii. 25.

✓ *Stronds*, strands; I. i. 4.

*Struck fowl*, wounded fowl; IV. ii. 20.

✓ *Subornation*; "murderous s.," procuring murder by underhand means; I. iii. 163.

✓ *Suddenly*, very soon; I. iii. 294.

"*Sue his livery*," to lay legal claim to his estates, a law term; IV. iii. 62.

*Sufferances*, sufferings; V. i. 51.

*Suggestion*, temptation; IV. iii. 51.

✓ *Suits*, used with a quibbling allusion to the fact that the clothes of the criminal belonged to the hangman; I. ii. 77.

✓ *Sullen*; dark; I. ii. 222.

✓ *Summer-house*, pleasant retreat, country house; III. i. 164.

✓ *Sunday-citizens*, citizens in their "Sunday best"; III. i. 261.

*Supply*, reinforcements; IV. iii. 3.

"*Sutton Co'fil*," a contraction of Sutton Coldfield, a town twenty-four miles from Coventry (Quarto 2, "*Sutton cophill*"; Folios and Quartos 5, 6, 8, "*Sutton-cophill*"); IV. ii. 3.

✓ *Swathling clothes*, swaddling clothes (Quartos 1, 2, 3, "*swathling*"; the rest, "*swathing*"); III. ii. 112.

✓ *Sword-and-buckler*, the dis-



Sword and buckler.

(a) From an illuminated MS. of XVth century.



(b) From a XVIth century woodcut.



tinctive weapons of serving-men and riotous fellows; Hotspur seems to despise this exercise, an interesting parody of which is to be seen in the accompanying cut (b) of Shakespeare's time; I. iii. 193.

✓ *Taffeta*, a glossy silken stuff; I. ii. 11.

✓ *Take it*, swear; II. iv. 9.

✓ *Take me with you*, tell me what you mean; II. iv. 492.

✓ *Tall*, strong, able; I. iii. 62.

✓ *Tallow - catch* = "tallow-ketch." *i.e.* a tallow-tub, or perhaps "tallow - keech" (Steevens' conjecture), *i.e.* a round lump of fat rolled up by the butcher to be carried to the chandler; II. iv. 243.

✓ *Target*, shield; II. iv. 217.

✓ *Tarry*, remain, stay; I. ii. 153.

*Task'd*, taxed; IV. iii. 92.

*Tasking*, challenge (Quarto 1. "tasking"; the rest, "talking"); V. ii. 51.

*Task me*, test me; IV. i. 9.

*Taste*, test; try the temper (Quarto 2, "taste"; Quarto 1, "tast"; the rest, "take"); IV. i. 119.

✓ *Temper*, disposition, temperament; III. i. 170.

✓ *Tench*; "stung like a t."; possibly there is an allusion to the old belief that fishes were supposed to be infested with fleas; or perhaps the simile is intentionally meaningless; II. i. 16.

*Term*, word (Folios and Quartos 7, 8, "dreame"; Quartos, 5, 6, "deame"); IV. i. 85.

*Termagant*, an imaginary god of the Mahometans, represented as a most violent character in the old Miracle-plays and Moralities; V. iv. 114.

✓ *Therefore*, for that purpose; I. i. 30.

✓ *Thick-cyed*, dull-eyed; II. iii. 49.

✓ *Thief*, used as a term of endearment; III. i. 238.

✓ *Tickle-brain*, some kind of strong liquor; II. iv. 424.

✓ *Tinkers*, proverbial tipplers and gamblers; II. iv. 20.

*Toasts-and-butter*, effeminate fellows, Cockneys; IV. ii. 20.

✓ *Tongue*; "the tongue," *i.e.* the English language; III. i. 125.

✓ *Topples*, throws down; III. i. 32.

*Toss*, "to toss upon a pike"; IV. ii. 68.

*Touch*, touchstone, by which gold was tested; IV. iv. 10.

✓ *Trace*, track, follow; III. i. 48.

*Tradè-fallen*, fallen out of service; IV. ii. 32.

✓ *Train*, allure, entice; V. ii. 21.

✓ *Tranquillity*, people who live at ease (Collier MS., "sanguinity"); II. i. 83.

✓ *Transformation*, change of appearance; I. i. 44.

✓ *Treasures*; "my t.," *i.e.* tokens of love due to me from you; II. iii. 48.



## Glossary

## THE FIRST PART OF

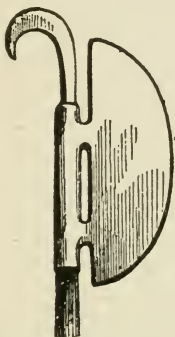
- ✓ *Trench*, turn into another channel; III. i. 112.
- ✓ *Trenching*, entrenching, making furrows; I. i. 7.
- ✓ *Trick*, peculiarity; II. iv. 431.
- ✓ *Trim*, ornamental dress; gallant array; IV. i. 113.
- ✓ *Tristful*, sorrowful (Quartos, Folios, "*trustful*"; Rowe's correction); II. iv. 420.
- ✓ *Triumph*, public festivity; III. iii. 45.
- ✓ *Trojans*, cant name for thieves; II. i. 76.
- ✓ *True*, honest; I. ii. 117.
- ✓ *Trumpet*, trumpeter; "play the t.,” act the herald; V. i. 4.
- ✓ "*Turk Gregory*"; Pope Gregory VII.; V. iii. 46.
- ✓ *Turn'd*, being shaped in the turning-lathe; III. i. 131.
- ✓ *Twelve-score*, twelve score yards (in the phraseology of archery); II. iv. 583.
- ✓ *Under-skinker*, under tapster; II. iv. 26.
- ✓ *Uneven*, embarrassing; I. i. 50.
- ✓ *Unhandsome*, indecent; I. iii. 44.
- ✓ *Unjointed*, disjointed, incoherent; I. iii. 65.
- ✓ *Unjust*, dishonest; IV. ii. 29.
- ✓ *Unminded*, unregarded; IV. iii. 58.
- ✓ *Unsorted*, ill-chosen; II. iii. 13.
- ✓ *Unsteadfast*, unsteady; I. iii. 193.
- ✓ *Untaught*, ill-mannered; I. iii. 43.
- ✓ *Unwashed*; "with u. hands," without waiting to wash your hands, immediately; III. iii. 199.
- ✓ *Unyoked*, uncurbed, reckless; I. ii. 206.
- ✓ *Up*, up in arms; III. ii. 120.
- ✓ *Valued*, being considered; III. ii. 177.
- ✓ *Vassal*, servile; III. ii. 124.
- ✓ *Vasty*, vast; III. i. 53.
- ✓ *Velvet-guards*, trimmings of velvet; hence, the wearers of such finery; III. i. 261.
- ✓ *Virtue*, valour; II. iv. 129.
- ✓ *Vizards*, visors, masks; I. ii. 136.
- ✓ *Waiting*; "w. in the court," i.e. "dancing attendance in the hope of preferment"; I. ii. 75.
- ✓ *Wake*, waking; III. i. 219.
- ✓ *Want*; "his present w.," the present want of him; IV. i. 44.
- ✓ *Wanton*, soft, luxurious; III. i. 214.
- ✓ *Ward*, posture when on guard; II. iv. 209.
- ✓ *Wards*, guards in fencing, postures of defence; I. ii. 198.
- ✓ *Warm*, ease-loving; IV. ii. 18.
- ✓ *Wasp-stung* (So Quarto 1; Quartos and Folios, "*wasp-tongue*" or "*wasp-tongued*"; irritable as though stung by a wasp; I. iii. 236).
- ✓ *Watering*, drinking; II. iv. 17.
- ✓ *Wear*, carry, bear (Folios, "*wore*"); I. iii. 162.

*Well*, rightly; IV. iii. 94.

*Well-beseeming*, well becoming; I. i. 14.

*Well-respected*, ruled by reasonable considerations; IV. iii. 10.

*Welsh hook*; II. iv. 372. (Cp. the accompanying drawing.)



From a specimen preserved in Carnarvon Castle.

*What!* an exclamation of impatience; II. i. 3.

*Whereupon*, wherefore; IV. iii. 42.

*Which*, who; III. i. 46.

*Wild of Kent*, weald of K.; II. i. 59.

*Wilful-blame*, wilfully blameable; III. i. 177.

*Wind*, turn in this or that direction; IV. i. 109.

*Witch*, bewitch; IV. i. 110.

*Withal*, with; II. iv. 552.

*Worship*, honour, homage; III. ii. 151.

*Wrung in the withers*, pressed in the shoulders; II. i. 6.

*Yedward*, a familiar corruption of Edward, still used in some counties; I. ii. 142.

*Yet*, even now; I. iii. 77.

*Younker*, greenhorn; III. iii. 88.

*Zeal*, earnestness; IV. iii. 63.



'Hostess, I forgive thee' (iii. 192.)

From the frontispiece to *Wits, or Sports upon Sports*, printed for Henry Marsh, 1662.

## Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 5. 'No more the thirsty entrance of this soil,' etc.; Folio 4, 'entrails' for 'entrance'; Steevens, 'entrants'; Mason, 'Erin-nys'; Malone compares Genesis iv. 11: "And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened *her mouth* to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand": 'entrance' probably = 'the mouth of the earth or soil.'

I. i. 28. 'now is twelve month old,' so Quartos 1, 2; Folios, 'is a twelve-month old'; Quartos 7, 8, 'is but twelve months old.'

I. i. 71. 'Mordake the Earl of Fife'; this was Murdach Stewart, not the son of Douglas, but the eldest son of Robert, Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland, third son of King Robert II." ('the' first supplied by Pope).

I. ii. 16. 'that wandering knight so fair,' an allusion to 'El Donzel del Febo,' the 'Knight of the Sun,' whose adventures were translated from the Spanish:—"The First Part of the Mirrour of Princely deeds and Knighthood; Wherein is shewed the Wohthiness of the Knight of the Sunne and his brother Rosicleer. . . . Now newly translated out of Spanish into our vulgar English tongue, by M(argaret) T(iler)"; eight parts of the book were published between 1579 and 1601. Shirley alludes to the Knight in the *Gamester* (iii. 1):—

"He has knocked the flower of chivalry, the very  
Donzel del Phebo of the time."

I. ii. 45. 'Of Hybla,' reading of Quartos, omitted in Folios; 'my old lad of the castle'; probably a pun on the original name of Falstaff (cp. Preface).

I. ii. 95, 96. 'For wisdom cries out in the street, and no man regards it'; an adaptation of *Proverbs* i. 20, omitted in Folios.

I. iii. 128. 'Albeit I make a hazard of my head'; the reading of Quartos; Folios, 'Although it be with hazard of my head.'

I. iii. 193. 'The unsteadfast footing of a spear,' probably an al-

lusion to the practice of ancient heroes, e.g. Lancelot as in the annexed cut, to make a bridge by means of a sword or spear.



From an ivory casket of the XIVth century.

I. iii. 201, etc. This rant of Hotspur has been compared with the similar sentiment put into the mouth of Eteocles by Euripides—"I will not disguise my thoughts; I would scale heaven; I would descend to the very entrails of the earth, if so be that by that price I could obtain a kingdom."

In *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (Induction), Beaumont and Fletcher put these lines into the mouth of Ralph, the apprentice, "apparently with the design of raising a good-natured laugh at Shakespeare's expense" (Johnson).

I. iii. 253. '*when his . . . age,*' cp. *Richard II.* Act II. iii. 48, 9, '*as my fortune ripens with thy love, It shall be still thy true love's recompense.*'

II. i. 84. '*great oneyers,*' probably a jocose term for 'great ones,' with perhaps a pun on '*owners*'; various emendations have been proposed, e.g. '*oneraires,*' '*moneyers,*' '*seignors,*' '*owners,*' '*mynheers,*' '*overseers,*' etc.

II. iii. 90. '*I'll break thy little finger,*' an ancient token of amorous dalliance, as Steevens has shown by quotations.

II. iv. '*Boar's-Head Tavern,*' the original tavern in Eastcheap was burnt down in the great fire, but was subsequently rebuilt, and stood until 1757, when it was demolished. Goldsmith visited the tavern, and wrote of it enthusiastically in his *Essays*.

II. iv. 131. '*pitiful-hearted Titan,*' so the early editions: Theobald suggested '*butter*' for '*Titan,*' and the emendation has been generally adopted.

II. iv. 134. '*here's lime in this sack,*' cp. Sir Richard Hawkins' statement in his *Voyages*, that the Spanish sacks "for conservation are mingled with the lime in the making," and hence give

rise to "the stone, the dropsy, and infinite other distempers, not heard of before this wine came into frequent use."

II. iv. 144. '*I would I were a weaver*'; weavers were good singers, especially of psalms, most of them being Calvinists who had fled from Flanders, to escape persecution.

II. iv. 148. '*dagger of lath*,' like that carried by the Vice in the old Morality plays.

II. iv. 261. '*you elf-skin*'; so the Quartos and Folios; Hanmer, '*cel-skin*' (cp. 2 Henry IV. III. ii. 345); Johnson, '*elfkin*.'

II. iv. 362. '*O, Glendower*,' (?) perhaps we should read, '*Owen Glendower*.'

II. iv. 413. '*King Cambyzes' vein*'; an allusion to a ranting play called '*A Lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of pleasant mirth, containing the Life of Cambises, King of Persia*' (1570).

II. iv. 427. *The camomile*, etc., cp. Lyly's *Euphues* (quoted by Farmer): '*Though the camomile the more it is trodden and pressed down, the more it spreadeth; yet the violet the oftener it is handled and touched, the sooner it withereth and decayeth*.'

II. iv. 484. '*that reverend vice*,' etc., alluding to the *Vice* of the Morality plays; '*Iniquity*' and '*Vanity*' were among the names given to the character, according to the particular '*Vice*' held up to ridicule.

II. iv. 527. '*mad*,' Folios 3, 4; the rest '*made*.'

II. iv. 534. '*The devil on a fiddle stick*,' a proverbial expression denoting anything new and strange, which may have originated in the Puritan dislike to music and dancing. Hence perhaps the common notion of fiends and witches riding on brooms as in accompanying illustration from an old chap-book.



II. iv. 563. '*Peto*'; probably '*Poins*,' according to Johnson; perhaps, the prefix in the MS. was simply '*P*.' The Cambridge editors, however, remark that the formal ad-

dress is appropriate to *Peto* rather than to *Poins*.

III. i. 150, etc. '*telling me of the moldwarph*,' cp. *Legend of Glendour* (stanza 23) in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, 1559:

*"And for it to set us hereon more agog,  
A prophet came (a vengeance take them all!)  
Affirming Henry to be Gogmagog,  
Whom Merlin doth a mouldwarp ever call,  
Accurst of God, that must be brought in thrall  
By a wolf, a dragon, and a lion strong,  
Which should divide his kingdom them among."*

III. i. 160, 161. Compare Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*, 5860:—

*"Thou saist, that dropping houses, and eek smoke,  
And chiding wives maken men to flee  
Out of her owen hous";*

Vaughan adds the following:—"It is singular that Shakespeare should have combined two annoyances commemorated together by an old Welsh proverb, which I would translate:

*'Three things will drive a man from home:  
A roof that leaks,  
A house that reeks,  
A wife who scolds whene'er she speaks.'*"

III. ii. 32. *'Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,'* i.e. 'by thy rude or violent conduct'; there is an anachronism here, as the Prince was removed from the council for striking the Chief Justice in 1403, some years after the battle of Shrewsbury.

III. ii. 38. *'doth'*; Quartos and Folios, *'do,'* which may be explained as due to the plural implied in *'every man'*; Rowe, *'does'*; Collier MS., *'doth.'*

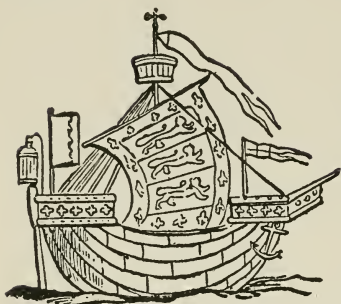
III. ii. 62. *'carded his state'*; *'to card'* is often used in Elizabethan English in the sense of 'to mix, or debase by mixing' (e.g. "*You card your beer if you see your guests begin to get drunk, half small, half strong,*" Green's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*); Warburton suggested *'carded'* "*'scarded,'* i.e. "*discarded*"; but the former explanation is undoubtedly correct. 'To stir and mix with cards, to stir together, to mix'; the meaning is brought out by a quotation from Topsell's *Four-footed Beasts* (1607), "As for his diet, let it be warm mashs, sodden wheat and hay, thoroughly carded with wool-cards."

III. ii. 154. *'if He be pleased I shall perform'*; the reading of Quartos; Folio 1, *'if I performe, and doe survive'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *"if I promise, and doe survive,"* etc.

III. ii. 164. *'Lord Mortimer of Scotland,'* a mistake for Lord



March of Scotland, George Dunbar, who took sides with the English.



A vessel of the early XVth century. From the seal of John Holland, Lord Admiral of England, 1417.

III. iii. 29. '*lantern in poop.*' (Cp. illustration.)

III. iii. 38. '*By this fire, that's God's angel*'; the latter words omitted in Folios and Quartos after Quarto 2; evidently a familiar expression. Vaughan thinks the allusion is to Hebrews i. 7; but it is more probably to Exodus iii. 2.

III. iii. 139. '*neither fish nor flesh,*' alluding to the old proverb, "Neither fish nor flesh, nor good red herring."

III. iii. 164. '*I pray God my girdle break*'; an allusion to the old adage, "ungirt, unblessed"; the breaking of the girdle was formerly a serious matter, as the purse generally hung on to the girdle, and would, in the event of the girdle breaking, probably be lost.

IV. i. 31. '*that inward sickness—*'; Rowe first suggested the dash in place of the comma of the early editions; the sentence is suddenly broken off.

IV. i. 85. '*term of fear*'; the Folios and later Quartos (7 and 8) '*dream*' for '*term.*'

IV. i. 98. '*All plumed . . . wing the wind*'; the Camb. ed. read:—

*"All plumed like estridges that with the wind  
Baited like eagles having lately bathed";*

this, the reading of the early editions, has been variously emended; Steevens and Malone suggested that a line has dropt out after *wind*, and the former (too boldly) proposed as the missing line:—

*"Run on, in gallant trim they now advance";*

on the other hand, Rowe's proposal to read '*wing the wind*' for '*with*' has had many supporters, though it is said that '*wing the wind*' applies to ostriches less than to any other birds; Dyce, however, quotes a passage from Claudian (*In Eutropium II.*, 310-313) to justify it:—



*"Vasta velut Libyæ venantum vocibus ales  
Cum premitur, calidas cursu transmittet arenas,  
Inque modum veli sinuatis flamina pennis  
Pulverulenta volat";*

the Cambridge editors maintain that this means that the bird spreads its wings like a sail bellying with the wind—a different thing from '*winging the wind*.' "But the Cambridge editors," Dyce replies, "take no notice of the important word *volat*, by which Claudian means, of course, that the ostrich, *when once her wings are filled with the wind, flies* along the ground (though she does not mount into the air)"; he adds the following apt quotation from Rogers:—

*"Such to their grateful ear the gush of springs  
Who course the ostrich, as away she wings."*

COLUMBUS, Canto viii.

*baited* = baiting; *to bait* or *bate* = "to flap the wings, as the hawk did when unhooded and ready to fly."

'*having lately bathed*'; "writers on falconry," says Steevens, "often mention the bathing of hawks and eagles as highly necessary for their health and spirits. All birds, after bathing, spread out their wings to catch the wind, and flutter violently with them in order to dry themselves. This, in the falconer's language, is called *bating*."

IV. ii. 29. '*younger sons to younger brothers*,' i.e. 'men of desperate fortune and wild adventure'; the phrase, as Johnson pointed out, occurs in Raleigh's *Discourse on War*.

V. i. *Stage direction*. The Quartos and Folios make the Earl of Westmoreland one of the characters; but, as Malone pointed out, he was in the rebel camp as a pledge for Worcester's safe conduct.

V. i. 13. '*old limbs*'; Henry was, in reality, only thirty years old at this time.

V. ii. 8. '*suspicion*'; Rowe's emendation for '*supposition*' of the early editions. Johnson points out that the same image of '*suspicion*' is exhibited in a Latin tragedy, called *Roxana*, written about the same time by Dr. William Alabaster.

V. ii. 18. '*adopted name of privilege*,' i.e. the name of *Hotspur* will suggest that his temperament must be his excuse.

V. ii. 33. '*Douglas*' must here be read as a trisyllable.

V. ii. 60. '*By still dispraising praise valued with you*'; omitted by Pope and others as '*foolish*,' but defended by Johnson—"to

vilify praise, compared or valued with merit, superior to praise, is no harsh expression."

V. ii. 72. '*so wild a libertine*'; Capell's emendation for the reading of the Folios, '*at libertie*,' and Quartos 1-4 '*a libertie*'; Theobald punctuated the line thus: 'of any prince, so wild, at liberty'; others proposed '*wild o' liberty*,' which Collier erroneously declared to be the reading of the three oldest Quartos.

V. iii. 46, 47. '*Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms*'; Warburton observes:—"Fox, in his *History*, hath made Gregory (*i.e.* Pope Gregory VII., called Hildebrand) so odious that I don't doubt but the good Protestants of that time were well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and Pope, in one."

V. iv. 81. '*But thought's the slave of life*,' etc.; Dyce and others prefer the reading of Quarto 1.:—

*'But thoughts the slaves of life, and life time's fool,  
And time that takes survey of all the world,  
Must have a stop.'*

*i.e.* "Thoughts, which are the slaves of life, aye, and life itself, which is but the fool of Time, aye, and Time itself, which measures the existence of the whole world, must come to an end" (Vaughan).

V. iv. 167. '*Grow great*,' so Quartos; Folios, '*grow great again*.'

V. v. 41. '*sway*'; Folios and later Quartos '*way*.'

# KING HENRY IV.

## Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

### ACT FIRST.

#### Scene I.

34-46. *My liege*, etc.:—The matter of the passage is thus related by Holinshed: “Owen Glendower, according to his accustomed manner robbing and spoiling within the English borders, caused all the forces of the shire of Hereford to assemble together against him, under the conduct of Edmund Mortimer, Earle of March. But coming to trie the matter by battell, whether by treason or otherwise, so it fortunèd, that the English power was discomfitted, the earle taken prisoner, and above a thousand of his people slaine in the place. The shamefull villanie used by the Welshwomen towards the dead carcasses was such as honest eares would be ashamed to heare, and continent toongs to speake thereof. The dead bodies might not be buried, without great summes of monie given for libertie to conveye them awaie.”

92-95. *the prisoners*, etc.:—Percy had an exclusive right to these prisoners, except the Earl of Fife. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had him clearly to himself to acquit or ransom at his pleasure. But Percy could not refuse the Earl of Fife: for, he being a prince of the royal blood, Henry might justly claim him, by his acknowledged military prerogative.

#### Scene II.

2. [*Prince.*] We see the Prince, as Brandes says, “plunging into the most boyish and thoughtless diversions, in company with

topers, tavern-wenches, and pot-boys; but we see, also, that he is magnanimous, and full of profound admiration for Harry Percy, that admiration for a rival of which Percy himself was incapable. And he rises, ere long, above this world of triviality and make-believe to the true height of his nature. His alert self-esteem, his immovable self-confidence, can early be traced in minor touches. When Falstaff asks him if 'his blood does not thrill' to think of the alliance between three such formidable foes as Percy, Douglas, and Glendower, he dismisses with a smile all idea of fear. A little later, he plays upon his truncheon of command as upon a fife. He has the great carelessness of the great natures; he does not even lose it when he feels himself unjustly suspected. At bottom he is a good brother, a good son, a great patriot; and he has the makings of a great ruler."

III, 112. *'tis my vocation*, etc.:—We shall err greatly, if we believe all that Shakespeare's characters say of themselves; for, like other men, they do not see themselves as others see them, nor indeed as they are. And this especially in case of Sir John, who seldom speaks of himself even as he sees himself; that is, he speaks for art, not for truth: and a part of his humour lies in all sorts of caricatures and exaggerations about himself; what he says being often designed on purpose to make himself a laughing-stock, that he may join in the laughter. Such appears to be the case in what he here charges himself with. For his *vocation* throughout the play is that of a soldier, which is also the vocation of the Prince. But the trade of a soldier was at that time notoriously trimmed and adorned with habits of plundering; so that to set it forth as a purse-taking vocation, was but a stroke of humorous exaggeration, finely spiced with satire, both as regarded the Prince and himself. The exploit at Gadshill is the only one of the kind that we hear of in the play.

120. *Sack and Sugar*:—A deal of learned ink has been shed in discussing what Sir John's favourite beverage might be. The learned archdeacon Nares has pretty much proved it to have been the Spanish wine now called *Sherry*. Thus in Blount's *Glossographias* "*Sherry sack*, so called from *Xeres*, a town of Corduba in Spain, where that kind of *sack* is made." And in Markham's *English Housewife*: "*Your best sacks are of Seres in Spaine.*" And indeed Falstaff expressly calls it *sherris-sack*. The latter part of the name, *sack*, is thought to have come from its being a *dry wine*, *vin sec*; and it was formerly written *seck*. It appears, however, that there were divers *sacks*. Thus in Howell's *Londin-*

*opolis*: "I read in the reign of Henry VII. that no sweet wines were brought into this reign but Malmseys." And again: "Moreover no *sacks* were sold but Rumney, and that for medicine more than drink, but now *many kinds of sacks* are known and used." And still more conclusively in Venner's *Via Recta ad Vitam Longam*, 1637: "But what I have spoken of mixing *sugar* with *sack*, must be understood of *Sherrie sack*, for to mix sugar with other wines, that in a common appellation are called *sack*, and are *sweeter in taste*, makes it unpleasant to the pallat, and fulsome to the taste."

### Scene III.

29 *et seq.* [*Hotspur.*] Shakespeare has put forth all his poetic strength in giving to Percy's speeches, and especially to his descriptions, the most graphic definiteness of detail, and a naturalness which raises into higher sphere the racy audacity of Faulconbridge. Hotspur sets about explaining how it happened that he refused to hand over his prisoners to the King, and begins his defence by describing the courtier who demanded them of him; but he is not content with a general outline, or with relating what this personage said with regard to the prisoners; he gives examples even of his talk. Why this dwelling upon trivial and ludicrous details? Because it is a touch of reality and begets illusion. Precisely because we cannot at first see the reason why Percy should recall such trifling circumstances, it seems impossible that the thing should be a mere invention. Henry Percy stands before our eyes, covered with dust and blood, as on the field of Holmedon. We see the courtier at his side holding his nose as the bodies are carried past, and we hear him giving the young commander his medical advice and irritating him to the verge of frenzy.

34, 35. *his chin new reap'd*, etc.:—To understand this the reader should bear in mind that the courtier's beard, according to the fashion in the Poet's time, would not be closely shaved, but *shorn or trimmed*, and would therefore show like a *stubble-land new reap'd*.

83. *that great magician, damn'd Glendower*:—The reputed magic of Glendower is thus set forth by Holinshed: "About mid August [1402] the King went with a great power of men into Wales, but in effect he lost his labour; for Owen conveyed himselfe out of the waie into his knowen lurking places, and (as was

thought) through art magike he caused such foule weather of winds, tempest, raine, snow, and haile to be raised for the annoiance of the Kings armie, that the like had not beene heard of; in such sort, that the King was constrained to returne home, having caused his people yet to spoile and burne first a great part of the countrie."

84, 85. *Whose daughter*, etc.:—So in Holinshed: "Edmund Mortimer, Earle of March, prisoner with Owen Glendour, whether for irksomnesse of cruell captivitie, or feare of death, or for what other cause, it is uncerteine, agreed to take part with Owen against the King of England, and tooke to wife the daughter of the said Owen." But the Mortimer, who had been sent into Wales, was not the Earl of March, but Sir Edmund Mortimer, uncle to the earl, and therefore perhaps distrusted by the King, as the natural protector of his nephew. At this time the Earl of March was but about ten years old, and was held in safe keeping at Windsor. The mistake runs through Holinshed's chapter on the reign of Henry IV., and was not original with him.

106. *hid his crisp head*:—The same image occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Loyal Subject*: "The Volga trembled at his terror, and hid his seven *curled heads*." Likewise in one of Jonson's Masques:—

"The rivers run as smoothèd by his hand,  
Only their *heads* are *crispèd* by his stroke."

In 1762 some very profound genius put forth *A Dialogue on Taste*, wherein the passage in the text is commented on thus: "Nature could never have pointed out, that a river was capable of cowardice, or that it was consistent with the character of a gentleman such as Percy, to say the thing that was not." A piece of criticism which, though hugely curious, probably need not be criticised. Yet we might ask whether Milton be not guilty of an equal sin against nature, when he represents Sabrina, a tutelary power of the Severn, as rising, attended by water nymphs and singing,—

"By the rushy-fringed bank,  
Where grows the willow, and the osier dank,  
My sliding chariot stays."

146. *next of blood*:—Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, was declared heir apparent to the crown in 1385, but was killed in Ireland in 1398. The person proclaimed by Richard II. previous to his



last voyage to Ireland, was *Edmund* Mortimer, son of Roger. He was not Lady Percy's brother, but her nephew. He was the undoubted heir to the crown after the death of Richard.

201, 202. *By heaven*, etc.:—Kreyssig contrasts Hotspur's passion for honour with Falstaff's indifference to it (V. i.): "Can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no." Henry, in this matter, is equally remote from Falstaff and from Hotspur.

230. *sword-and-buckler*:—The meaning and force of this epithet are well shown by a passage in Stowe's *Survey of London*: "This field, commonly called West Smithfield, was for many years called Ruffians' Hall, by reason it was the usual place for frayes and common fighting, during the time that sword and bucklers were in use; when every *serving man*, from the base to the best, carried a *buckler* at his back, which hung by the hilt or pomel of his *sword*." And John Florio, in his *First Fruites*, 1578: "What weapons bear they? Some sword and dagger, some *sword and buckler*. What weapon is that *buckler*? A clownish dastardly weapon, and not fit for a gentleman."

## ACT SECOND.

### Scene I.

[*An inn yard.*] "No sooner," says Brandes, "has the rebellion been hatched in the royal palace than the second Act opens with a scene in an inn yard on the Dover road. It is just daybreak; some carriers cross the yard with their lanterns, going to the stable to saddle their horses; they hail each other, gossip, and tell each other how they have passed the night. Not a word do they say about Prince Henry or Falstaff; they talk of the price of oats, and of how 'this house is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died.' Their speeches have nothing to do with the action; they merely sketch its locality and put the audience in tune for it; but seldom in poetry has so much been effected in so few words. The night sky, with Charles' Wain 'over the new chimney,' the flickering gleam of the lanterns in the dirty yard, the fresh air of the early dawn, the misty atmosphere, the mingled odour of damp peas and beans, of bacon and ginger, all comes straight home to our senses. The situation takes hold of us with all the irresistible force of reality."



12, 13. *the price of oats*:—The price of grain was very high in 1596; which may have put Shakespeare upon making poor Robin thus die of one idea.

22. *breeds fleas like a loach*:—It appears from a passage in Holland's translation of Pliny that anciently fishes were supposed to be infested with fleas: "Last of all some fishes there be which of themselves are given to breed fleas and lice; among which the chalcis, a kind of turgot, is one." The meaning here, however, appears to be, "breeds fleas as fast as a loach breeds loaches"; the loach being reckoned a peculiarly prolific fish.

28. *turkeys*:—This is one of the Poet's anachronisms. Turkeys were not brought into England until the reign of Henry VIII.

36. *two o'clock*:—The Carrier has just said, "An it be not *four* by the day, I'll be hanged." Probably he suspects Gadshill, and tries to mislead him.

53-56. *quoth the chamberlain, etc.*:—The chamberlain was a tavern officer or servant. Attendants of this class often conspired with highwaymen and shared in their booty. Thus in *The Life and Death of Gamaliel Ratsey*, 1605: "He dealt with the *chamberlaine* of the house, to learn which way they went in the morning, which the *chamberlaine* performed accordingly, and that with great care and diligence, for he knew he should partake of their fortunes if they sped."

## Scene II.

2. *frets like a gummed velvet*:—Thus in *The Malcontent*, 1604: "I'll come among you, like *gum* into taffata, to *fret, fret*." Velvet and taffeta were sometimes stiffened with gum; but the consequence was, that the stuff being thus hardened quickly rubbed and fretted itself out.

## Scene III.

[*Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter.*] This letter was from George Dunbar, Earl of March, in Scotland.

39. *Kate*:—Shakespeare either mistook the name of Hotspur's wife, which was *Elizabeth*, or else designedly changed it, out of the remarkable fondness he seems to have had for the name of *Kate*. Hall and Holinshed call her erroneously *Elinor*.

## Scene IV.

[*The Boar's-Head Tavern.*] Ulrici says: "Between the purely historical elements to which we have hitherto confined our attention, and which Shakespeare's masterly skill has combined into a grand and harmonious work of art—between this purely historical representation which is based entirely upon a serious and profound contemplation of history, there are interspersed, in both parts of the drama, scenes of an entirely comic character, not merely to ridicule the serious aspect presented by history, but which seem to stand in no sort of inner connection with the action or with the motives forming its basis. Falstaff and his boon companions Poins, Peto, Pistol, Bardolph, Mrs. Quickly, etc., are wholly unhistorical persons. No sort of affinity can be proved to exist between the J. Falstolfe who commanded in the so-called *Bataille des Harengs* under Henry VI., and our knight (Sir John); Shakespeare assuredly never thought of any such connection (as is proved even by the difference of the name, and still more by the circumstance that the famous corpulent knight, in Shakespeare, was originally called Sir John Oldcastle, and rechristened Falstaff only upon a demand of the Puritans who honoured a man of the same name among their sect). Yet these scenes fill almost one half of the whole play. In no other historical drama of Shakespeare's do we find such a total division of the subject. It is true that he has elsewhere introduced comic and freely invented scenes, but always merely incidentally as intermediate scenes, which, as such, if closely examined, always have their good meaning, inasmuch as they are intended to represent some secondary motive of the action. Here, on the other hand, the comic and unhistorical portions are so strikingly elaborate, that the questions as to their justification becomes a vital point as regards the historical and æsthetic value of the whole drama."

17. *when you breathe in your watering*:—That is, when you stop and take breath while drinking. So in Rowland's *Letting of Humour's Blood*, 1600:—

"A pox of *piece-meal drinking*, William says,  
*Play it away*, we'll have no stoppes and staves;  
 Blown drinke is odious; what man can digest it?  
 No faithful drunkard but he should detest it."

Thus also in Peacham's *Compleat Gentleman*: "If he dranke off his cups cleanelly, *took not his wind in his draught*, spit not, left

nothing in the pot, nor spilt any upon the ground, he had the prize."

240. *These lies*:—We cannot persuade ourselves that Falstaff thinks of deceiving anybody by this string of "incomprehensible lies." He tells them, surely, not expecting or intending them to be believed, but partly for the pleasure he takes in the excited play of his faculties, partly for the surprise he causes by his still more incomprehensible feats of dodging; that is, they are studied self-exposures to invite an attack; that he may provoke his hearers to come down upon him, and then witch them with his facility and felicity in extricating himself. Thus his course here is all of a piece with his usual practice of surrounding himself with difficulties, the better to exercise and evince his incomparable fertility and alertness of thought; as knowing that the more he entangles himself in his talk, the richer will be the effect when by a word he slips off the entanglement. We shrewdly suspect that he knew the truth all the while, but determined to fall in with and humour the joke, on purpose to make sport for himself and the Prince; and at the same time to retort their deception by pretending to be ignorant of their doings and designs. At all events, we must needs think it were a huge impeachment of his sense, to suppose that in telling such gross and palpable lies he has any thought of being believed.

288, 289. *should I turn*, etc.:—The logic of this passage even beats the wit, fine as is the latter. The Prince was not "the true prince," according to the settled rule of succession. The logic is, that none but a man composed and framed of royalty could inspire a lion with such fear; and on the other hand no beast but the lion is brave and gentle enough to feel this instinctive respect for royalty. So that Falstaff's running from him proves him to be what he is not, and is alike honourable to them both.

535. *hide thee behind the arras*:—When arras was first brought into England, it was suspended on small hooks driven into the walls of houses and castles; but this practice was soon discontinued. After the damp of the stone and brickwork had been found to rot the tapestry, it was fixed on frames of wood at such distance from the wall as prevented the damp from being injurious; large spaces were thus left between the arras and the walls, sufficient to contain even one of Falstaff's bulk. Our old dramatists avail themselves of this convenient hiding-place upon all occasions.

547, 548. *The man*, etc.:—Shakespeare has been blamed for ma-

king the Prince utter this falsehood. Surely the blame were more justly visited on the Prince than on the Poet. Shakespeare did not mean to set forth the connection with Falstaff as altogether harmless; and if he had done so, he would have been untrue to nature. The Prince is indeed censurable; yet not so much for telling the falsehood as for letting himself into a necessity either to do so, or to betray his accomplice. What he does is bad enough; but were it not still worse to expose Falstaff in an act which himself has countenanced?

## ACT THIRD.

### Scene I.

[*Hotspur.*] From first to last, from top to toe, Hotspur is the hero of the feudal ages, indifferent to culture and polish, faithful to his brother-in-arms to the point of risking everything for his sake, caring neither for state, king, nor commons; a rebel, not for the sake of any political idea, but because independence is all in all to him; a proud, self-reliant, unscrupulous vassal, who, himself a sort of sub-king, has deposed one king, and wants to depose the usurper he has exalted, because he has not kept his promises. Clothed in renown, and ever more insatiate of military honour, he is proud from independence of spirit and truthful out of pride. He is a marvellous figure as Shakespeare has projected him, stammering, absent, turbulent, witty, now simple, now magniloquent. His hauberk clatters on his breast, his spurs jingle at his heel, wit flashes from his lips, while he moves and has his being in a golden nimbus of renown.

12-16. *at my nativity*, etc.:—The singular behaviour of nature at the birth of Glendower is thus mentioned by Holinshed: "Strange wonders happened (as men reported) at the nativitie of this man; for the same night he was borne all his fathers horsse in the stable were found to stand in blood up to the bellies." And in 1402 a blazing star appeared, which the Welsh bards construed as foretokening success to Glendower.

39, 40. So in the description of an earthquake at Catania, quoted by Malone: "There was a blow as if all the artillery in the world had been discharged at once; the sea retired from the town above two miles; the birds flew about astonished; *the cattle in the fields ran crying.*"

72-79. *The archdeacon*, etc.:—This matter is thus given by Holinshed: "They by their deputies, in the house of the Archdeacon of Bangor, divided the realme amongst them, causing a tripartite indenture to be made and sealed with their seales, by the covenants whereof all England from Severne and Trent, south and eastward, was assigned to the Earle of March; all Wales and the lands beyond Severne, westward, were appointed to Owen Glendour; and the remnant, from Trent northward, to the Lord Persie."

196. *my aunt Percy*:—Hotspur's wife was sister to Sir Edmund Mortimer, and therefore of course aunt to the young Earl of March. And she has been spoken of in the play as Mortimer's sister, yet he here calls her his *aunt*. From which it appears that Shakespeare not only mistook Sir Edmund for the Earl of March, or rather followed an authority who had so mistaken him, but sometimes confounded the two.

264. *turn tailor*:—Tailors, like weavers, have ever been remarkable for their vocal skill. Percy is jocular in his mode of persuading his wife to sing. The meaning is, "to *sing* is to put yourself upon a level with tailors and teachers of birds."

## Scene II.

1. *the Prince of Wales*:—Henry Percy is by no means the hero of the play. He is only the foil to the hero, throwing into relief the young Prince's unpretentious nature, his careless sporting with rank and dignity, his light-hearted contempt for all conventional honour, all show and appearance. Every garland with which Hotspur wreathes his helm is destined in the end to deck the brows of Henry of Wales. The answer to Hotspur's question as to what has become of the madcap Prince of Wales and his comrades, shows what colours Shakespeare has held in reserve for the portraiture of his true hero.

39-47. *Had I so lavish . . . wonder'd at*:—Brandes says: "The political developments arising from Henry IV.'s wrongful seizure of the throne of Richard II. afford the groundwork of the play. The King, situated partly like Louis Philippe, partly like Napoleon III., does all he can to obliterate the memory of his usurpation. But he does not succeed. Why not? Shakespeare gives a twofold answer. First there is the natural, human reason: the relation of characters and circumstances. The King has risen

by the 'fell working' of his friends; he is afraid of falling again before their power. His position forces him to be mistrustful, and his mistrust repels every one from him, first Mortimer, then Percy, then, as nearly as possible, his own son. Secondly, we have the prescribed religious reason: that wrong avenges itself, that punishment follows upon the heels of guilt—in a word, the so-called principle of 'poetic justice.' If only to propitiate the censorship and the police, Shakespeare could not but do homage to this principle. It was bad enough that the theatres should be suffered to exist at all; if they so far forgot themselves as to show vice unpunished and virtue unrewarded, the playwright would have to be sternly brought to his senses. The character of the King is a masterpiece. He is the shrewd, mistrustful, circumspect ruler, who has made his way to the throne by dint of smiles and pressures of the hand, has employed every artifice for making an impression, has first ingratiated himself with the populace by his affability, and has then been sparing of his personal presence."

103. *in debt to years*:—The Poet with great dramatic propriety approximates the ages of the Prince and Hotspur, for the better kindling of a noble emulation between them. So that we need not suppose him ignorant that Hotspur was about twenty years the older.

### Scene III.

28, 29. *lantern in the poop*, etc.:—So Dekker, in his *Wonderful Year*, 1603: "An antiquary might have pickt rare matter out of his *nose*. The Hamburghers offered I know not how many dollars for his companie in an East India voyage, to have stood a nights in the poope of their Admiral, only to save the charges of candles."

79, 80. *eight shillings an ell*:—This, for Holland linen, appears a high price for the time; but hear Stubbs in his *Anatomie of Abuses*: "In so much as I have heard of shirtes that have cost some ten shillings, some twentie, some fortie, some five pound, some twentie nobles, and (whiche is horrible to heare) some ten pound a peece, yea the meanest shirte that commonly is worne of any doth cost a crowne or a noble at the least; and yet that is scarsely thought fine enough for the simplest person."



## ACT FOURTH.

## Scene I.

2. *In this fine age*:—The untamed and violent spirit of feudal nobility, the reckless and adventurous activity of the English race, the masculine nature itself in its uncompromising genuineness, all those vast and infinite forces which lie deep under the surface and determine the life of a whole period, a whole people, and one half of humanity, are at work in Hotspur. Elaborated to infinitesimal detail, this character yet includes the immensities into which thought must plunge if it would seek for the conditions and ideals of a historic epoch.

## Scene II.

[*Falstaff.*] “Swindling, peculation, ill-faith, and fraud,” says Lloyd, “had never a better chance of being popular than when combined with the exhaustless wit, humour, good-humour, and general amusingness of Jack Falstaff, and laxity and grossness of body, life, and manners could never go so far to assert their independence of necessary viciousness and vileness, as when brightened by the gleams and sparkles, the lambent phosphorescence and piercing radiance, of his equally fanciful and intellectual invention. Yet the very course and occasion of the manifestation of these enchaining endowments, is the means of setting forth the natural sequence by which idleness, frivolousness, and sensuality bring on and ally with meanness of spirit and of aims, heartlessness, and even malice and murder; and as the action proceeds we become either ashamed of our sympathy with him, or alarmed at the risk we run by continuing any portion of it.” And on the original of Falstaff Lloyd remarks: “In 1597, the earliest year we can trace the play in which Falstaff first appeared, the parents of Shakespeare, doubtless with his consent and advice, were parties to a suit which charged the defendant, a neighbour, though not, it would seem, a fellow townsman, with breach of contract in refusal to surrender land near Stratford for a valuable consideration. John Shakespeare, as appears from the bill in Chancery discovered by Malone, mortgaged the land he acquired with his wife for £40 to Edmund Lambert, of Barton on the Heath; but on the tender of repayment at an agreed date, thus the complaint avers,



the money was refused unless other moneys owing were also repaid, and possession of the property withheld by Edmund Lambe and John, his son and heir after him. . . . I do not hesitate, therefore, to conclude that for some of the roguery and some so the bulk at least, if not the wit, that make up Jack Falstaff, her world is under obligations, and ought to own them, to Goo Thus Lambert of Barton."

### Scene IV.

13-26. *I fear, Sir Michael, etc.*:—Good faith and mutual confidence well founded, are the bond and tie of alliance, years after the time of muster comes, the presage of earlier scenes, meth, being cements ill kept, is fulfilled. Northumberland absent sick chicke of sick it turns out; Owen Glendower, not come in in *ing cuckow*, his prophecies; and Mortimer, the very pretext of *as to seize away also*; while of those who arrive, Vernon *arier*." Shake-falsify the royal proposals, and misdeliver the rest *ie hedge-spar-bassy*, to no availing end at last. Lightness, supers over-confidence, precipitancy, and some bluster are Prince Henry, with no more firmness than might be expected, his brother the the steadfast and deliberate power of Henry Bol

27, 28. *the king hath drawn, etc.*:—We see the and crafty King vexed by the pride of the poor had helped him to the crown and are reminiscence had been retained he himself, a powerful noble, stood in hard Worcester. King. There is jealousy, and distrust, and p side, but Henry stands as the representative of injuries or discontents of which we hear no

take thus the unfavoured part of disturbance:—This is addressed whose private wrongs, even as they state, if the speech is soliloquy. sympathy, as they are at least as guilty as syllable of this name and tion of civil war at the beginning assists helps the reason to true judgement of

In Richard II. the crown is borne down.

injured and high-spirited nobleman to. contest is now to be renewed, but says: "In the first part [of injury forms the catastrophe, the vigour, precaution, and kingly spirit, his part the nature of feudalism tion against nobles, high-spirited, avalrous aspect. The barons, in senting no national injuries—no les, who are more knights than

## ACT FIFTH.

## Scene I.

*Enter the King . . . and Falstaff.*] "Henry's reign," obnoxious to Ulrici, "was in reality not disturbed by external hostilities; the taxes, his government was internally weak and corrupt; he and all the barons suffered because justice and morality, the foundation of political life, were in a state of decay. No reign, therefore, so poor in true historical action, in creative, formative ideas, so powerless in establishing new and lasting ideals as the reign was of historical importance only as a transitional one in the further development of the great historical process and accordingly could not be passed over. Taken by its reign turns solely upon outwardly establishing the reign, and is therefore without true value, without

[*Falstaff*], in its outward actions it is wholly absorbed in combined with its and formalities, in semblance and untruth. Lloyd, "had even Richard II. had described as an excellent general amusement in the present drama, himself expressly boasts of body, life, and in the present drama, himself expressly boasts of pence of ne—is the chief and greatest among a number of ered by the glea, it is true, are personally in bitter earnest with piercing radiance of their several parts, but who are nevertheless tion. Yet the ve To give a clear exhibition of this unreality, these enchaining histrionic parade, was—consciously or unconsciously—intention in placing the comic scenes so imbringing on and ally w. of the historical action, and in allowing ness, and even malice company the course of the latter." become either ashamed ons have *bosky*, which has the same meaning at the risk we run by not know," says Blakeway, "whether original of Falstaff Lloyd the ground of Battlefield, but he has can trace the play in waver Haughmond Hill from that spot as Shakespeare, doubtless still merits the name of a *busky* hill." to a suit which charged sage, laden with poetical wealth:— would seem, a fellow town and every alley green, to surrender land near Sall of this wild wood, John Shakespeare, as appears from side to side, ered by Malone, mortgaged tncient neighbourhood." £40 to Edmund Lambert, of t, as has been scientifically ascertender of repayment at an age, that the cuckoo has a habit of

laying her eggs in the hedge-sparrow's nest, and leaving them there to be hatched by the owner. The cuckoo chickens are then cherished, fed, and cared for by the sparrow as her own children, until they grow so large as to "oppress *her* nest," and become so greedy as to frighten and finally drive away their feeder from her own home, and from the objects of her tender solicitude. Thus Dr. Jenner, writing in 1787: "I examined the nest of a hedge-sparrow, which then contained a cuckoo and three hedge-sparrows' eggs." And Colonel Montagu found a cuckoo "a few days old in a hedge-sparrow's nest, in a garden close to a cottage." Something of the same kind is affirmed of the cuckoo and *titlark* in Holland's *Pliny*, which first came out in 1601, some years after this play was written: "The *Titling*, therefore, that sitteth, being thus deceived, hatcheth the egge, and bringeth up the chicke of another bird; and this she doth so long, untill the young *cuckow*, being once fledge and readie to flie abroad, is so bold as to seize upon the old titling, and eat her up that hatched her." Shakespeare seems to have been the first to notice how the *hedge-sparrow* was wont to be treated by that naughty bird.

122. *bestride me*:—In the battle of Agincourt, Prince Henry, who was then king, did this act of friendship for his brother the Duke of Gloucester.

## Scene II.

29. *Deliver up . . . Westmoreland*:—He had been retained by Hotspur in pledge for the safe return of Worcester.

## Scene III.

58. *Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him*:—This is addressed to the Prince as he goes out; the rest of the speech is soliloquy. The play on *Percy* indicates that the first syllable of this name and the word *pierce* had the same sound.

## Scene IV.

[*Another part of the field.*] Ulrici says: "In the first part [of *Henry IV.*] the battle of Shrewsbury forms the catastrophe, the centre and aim of the action. In this part the nature of feudalism is represented more from its chivalrous aspect. The barons, in whom this element predominates, who are more knights than

feudal lords—Percy, Douglas, Mortimer and Blunt—are the leaders of the events. Hence we have here, of course, preëminently a representation of the nature of personal prowess, the foundation of chivalry. Percy is the representative of that inborn, natural valour, that unbridled conceit in the power of the individual I that reckless courage of the knight errant which heedlessly throws itself into danger, nay, which finds pleasure in it, and seeks for it because it is necessary for the development of his nature, for his enjoyment and for the gratification of his ambition. Prince Henry, on the other hand, is the representative of that other and higher valour which is of an entirely intellectual nature, consisting in the mind's conscious superiority over danger, whether it be to overcome it, or to remain the victor in spite of being apparently vanquished."

35-38. *I fear*, etc.:—The matter is thus delivered by Holinshed: "This battell lasted three long houres, with indifferent fortune on both parts, till at length the King, crieng saint George, victorie, brake the arraie of his enemies, and adventured so farre, that (as some write) the earle Dowglas strake him downee, and at that instant slue sir Walter Blunt and three others, apparalled in the Kings sute and clothing, saieng, I marvell to see so many kings thus suddenlie arise, one in the necke of an other. The King indeed was raised, and did that daie manie a noble feat of armes; for, as it is written, he slue that daie with his owne hands six and thirtie persons of his enemies."

98. *these fair rites*, etc.:—"The old chivalrous times," says Clarke, "afforded many instances of these acts of gentle observance between mutually adverse knights, when one was overthrown; and Shakespeare has here commemorated a specially beautiful one, by making his hero to screen a foe's mangled face in the moment of death, amid the turmoil and distortion of a battle-field."

151, 152. *by Shrewsbury clock*:—In mentioning this church-clock by its name, Shakespeare gives the humorous effect of pretended exactness to Falstaff's account of his exploit, and also reminds the audience of the exact site of the scene they are witnessing, and the great event then enacting—the battle of Shrewsbury.

## Scene V.

1. *Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke*:—The conclusion of the whole matter may be thus summarized from Holinshed: The

Prince that day help his father like a lusty young gentleman; for although he was hurt in the face with an arrow so that divers noblemen that were about him would have conveyed him forth of the field, yet he would not suffer them so to do, lest his departure from amongst his men might happily have stricken some fear into their hearts. The Prince, encouraged by his father's doings, fought valiantly, and slew the Lord Percy, called Sir Henry Hotspur. To conclude, the King's enemies were vanquished and put to flight; in which flight the Earl of Douglas, for haste, falling from the crag of a high mountain, was taken, and, for his valiantness of the King frankly and freely delivered. There were also taken the Earl of Worcester, the procurer and setter-forth of all this mischief, Sir Richard Vernon, with divers other. The Earl of Worcester, the Baron of Kinderton and Sir Richard Vernon, knights, were condemned and beheaded.

## THE FIRST PART OF

### Questions on 1 Henry IV.

1. In the order of historic chronology, where does the present play belong among the historical dramas of Shakespeare?
2. When was it probably written?
3. What evidences of maturity have been noted in this play as compared with *King John*, *Richard II.*, and *Richard III.*?
4. Mention the sources of the play. Point out some historical inaccuracies.

### ACT FIRST.

5. Review the part played by Bolingbroke in the preceding drama, *Richard II.* How does King Henry review this in the opening speech of the present play?
6. Define the literary quality of this speech.
7. To what enterprise is the King about to turn his attention?
8. What reports of troubles in Wales and in the north put aside the King's enterprise?
9. How are Harry Percy and Prince Hal first shown in contrast? What theme, sounded in various keys throughout this play, is first given out in the King's speech?
10. Is the purpose of the play to demonstrate the irony of the King's feeling about Prince Hal?
11. What is Worcester's attitude towards the King? What position has Percy taken which foreshadows rupture with the King?
12. Where does Sc. ii. take place? What is implied by not introducing a common meeting-ground, such as a tavern?
13. How is Falstaff's habit of life presented at the opening of Sc. ii.? Comment upon his good nature, his imagination, his mental alertness, his ability to win laughter and good-humoured toleration.
14. What is implied by the term *buff jerkin*? How is it used twice in this play?
15. Tell what is implied by the Prince's application to Falstaff of the terms, *thou latter spring!* . . . *All-hallowen summer!*

## KING HENRY IV.

## Questions

16. Show the purpose in the elucidation of Falstaff's character of the robbery plotted in the latter half of Sc. ii.

17. Comment on the bearing of the Prince towards his associates. Does it prepare one for the soliloquy with which the Scene closes? What is the dramatic purpose of this soliloquy in the larger scheme of the drama? Where is its correlative?

18. Can one escape the feeling that the Prince is a prig? Does Shakespeare intend that an impression unfavourable to the Prince shall be derived? What led the Prince to choose such associates?

19. What traits does Sc. iii. show in the King that have been already discerned in the Prince?

20. Who was dismissed from the council?

21. What impression of Hotspur do you get from his defense of himself to the King? Characterize Blunt's speech (line 70 *et seq.*).

22. Relative to Mortimer, what request did Hotspur make of the King, and how was it answered? What confusion does Shakespeare make in this discussion of Mortimer of two individuals bearing that name?

23. Who was *Richard, that sweet lovely rose*? What are the facts relative to him here alluded to? Why the above epithet?

24. How does Worcester characterize the speech of Hotspur? Does the Poet overdo Hotspur in this place, or is his vehemence of language natural to one of his temperament?

25. Who proposes the plot? How was the act foreshadowed? What details of the plot are formulated? Wherein is it weak?

## ACT SECOND.

26. Show how Sc. i. prepares for the second Scene by suggesting the action and the actors, also by creating the proper atmosphere.

27. What clue to his nature does Falstaff afford in his soliloquy (Sc. ii.) that helps us to understand his non-moral character?

28. Who is the probable writer of the letter shown at the opening of Sc. iii.? Why was the author left unnamed? What part does the letter play in the evolution of the plot?

29. What type of woman was Lady Percy?

30. What side of his nature does Hotspur show to women? Especially note the effect of Hotspur's rejoinder after Lady Percy's long speech. What was Percy's preoccupation of mind during her delivery of it?



## Questions

## THE FIRST PART OF

31. Was the purpose of the dramatist (Sc. iv.) any other than that alleged by the Prince in presenting the joke played upon the drawer Francis?

32. Explain and account for the mood of the Prince shown in lines 107-122 of Sc. iv.

33. Explain Falstaff's allusion in line 147 *et seq.* What is the humour of it?

34. Why does Poins instead of the Prince take up Falstaff's accusation of coward? What trait of Falstaff is immediately exploited?

35. Why does the lying of Falstaff not offend our moral scruples?

36. What dramatic expedient temporarily takes Falstaff out of the Scene after line 317? What is the quality of Bardolph's wit?

37. Contrast the power of creating humorous diversion possessed respectively by the Prince and by Falstaff, as seen in the Francis episode and in the mock scene of the Prince's examination by his father.

38. What subtle purpose has Falstaff in openly playing false to his associates in friendship with the Prince?

39. What two threads tie the action with subsequent scenes?

## ACT THIRD.

40. What fantastic qualities are displayed by Glendower? Why fantastic rather than poetic? Are these traits racial?

41. Why does Percy enter upon a bickering-match with him?

42. How does the tripartite division of England among the revolters help to point the weakness of the insurrection?

43. What effect is produced by the dispute over the equality of the division?

44. What is the purpose of the scene with the ladies? Indicate the effect of music here. How does this scene help to foreshadow the failure of the revolt?

45. In what way is the conscience of the King troubled? How does he believe himself punished?

46. By what means did Henry secure the good-will of the people, and hence the throne? How does he describe the habit of Richard II.?

47. What is Henry's attitude towards Prince Hal? What is

the Prince's attitude towards his father? Does the King understand the Prince?

48. In Scene ii., after line 128, how might King Henry have gone on and unfolded to the Prince the rationale of the revolt and seen in it, as regards himself, a visitation of nemesis?

49. How much of the philosophic temper had he, added to his immense practical resourcefulness?

50. Comment on the artfulness of the King in touching the chord most calculated to arouse the loyalty of the Prince.

51. What is the effect of Scenes i. and ii. shown in contrast? Where is the climax of the play? What Napoleonic policy does the King profess at the end of Sc. ii.?

52. What is the humorous effect of Falstaff's laying his faults on the company he keeps? How does Falstaff disclose the manner of his return from the Gadshill expedition?

53. Compare Falstaff's scolding-match with Dame Quickly with that between Hotspur and Glendower.

54. How does Falstaff end the quarrel with the Hostess?

## ACT FOURTH.

55. Mention the various speeches of compliment to Douglas that the play contains.

56. What is the first stage in the fall of the action? On what ground does Northumberland urge the prosecution of the plans?

57. What face does Hotspur put on the absence of Northumberland to show to the advantage of the insurgents?

58. What effect is produced by the manner of presenting the character of the opposition coming to meet them and the curtailment of their own forces? Comment on the demonic power displayed by Percy.

59. How does he speak of the Prince of Wales?

60. How is it shown that the cause is lost even before the fighting begins?

61. How did Falstaff recruit his regiment? How does he describe it? What is Falstaff's state of mind in delivering his soliloquy in Sc. ii.?

62. How is the council of war (Sc. iii.) divided in opinion? What message is received from the King?

63. What facts concerning Henry, not already presented in the

play, does Hotspur advance? What facts contained in the earlier parts of the play does Hotspur rehearse?

64. How has the Archbishop of York been referred to in earlier parts of the play? Estimate his character as displayed in Sc. iv.

## ACT FIFTH.

65. What was the appearance of the sky on the day of the battle? What is the purpose of the visit of Worcester and Vernon to the King? Of what does Worcester accuse the King?

66. Is this speech of Worcester necessary for purposes of exposition?

67. What message does the Prince send to Hotspur?

68. What is the effect of the Prince's rebuke to Falstaff in line 29, Sc. i.?

69. In what different lights, in the course of the play, has the subject of honour been presented? Show the humour of Falstaff's arguments; their common sense and their fallacy.

70. Is Worcester's temper more that of the statesman than that of the soldier? Had he lost heart in his affair after his visit to the King?

71. What is the mood of Hotspur before the battle? What hopes had he of success? What is the effect of Vernon's recital of praises of the Prince?

72. What was the King's ruse to secure personal safety in battle? What other ends did he seek to effect by means of this same ruse?

73. How does Shakespeare complete the characterization of the King by making him participate in the active part of the battle?

74. How does the Prince show his magnanimity?

75. What are Hotspur's dying words? What emotions do they arouse? Compare the effect of the death of Percy and the death of Hamlet.

76. In Sc. iv., interpret lines 105, 106: *O, I should have*, etc.

77. To make humour out of Falstaff's desecration of the dead body of Percy argues what for Elizabethan sensibilities?

78. Does Falstaff even redeem himself by the superb impudence of his claiming to be the slayer of Percy? With what resolution does Falstaff quit the scene? Comment on the spirit of it.

79. Does poetic justice approve the fates of Worcester, Vernon, and Douglas?

## KING HENRY IV.

## Questions

80. Does the play show that the ends of righteousness are sometimes best met by the arm of the strongest?

81. How was it that Henry maintained his right to the throne?

82. What is the underlying philosophy of this play?

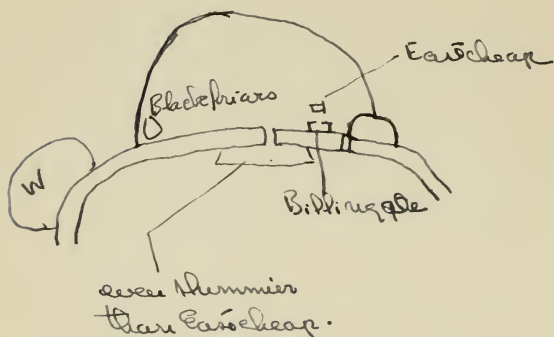
83. Does the humorous interest outweigh the serious?

84. Whom do you regard as the hero of the play?

85. Does Hotspur or Prince Hal enlist your sympathies? Do you feel any shock to poetic justice in the death of Hotspur? Where in *2 Henry IV.* are there additional touches to his portrait?

See also general questions at the end of *2 Henry IV.*

Class of the Day



(to be discussed - trade)  
The new bourgeoisie, receiving  
conception of honor -

...

That society which relied on tradition,  
policy, but who had a good head and  
could be represented by Henry IV

with the rise, etc. of Renaissance  
came rationalizing - questioning  
of old Chivalric codes - Talbot.

Act I - Introduction of first plot  
devoted up to middle plot

Act II - Devoted to first plot

Act III - equal proportion -

Act IV - all elements jumbled

Disorderly medieval concept: one of  
honour - Holmper

Very top: e.g. to Henry abolished (w)

Holmper rather neediness to need the

he effects the great exterior -

Holmper Breeze with his wife, hee do

not blow upon her.

the honour - compare

$$\begin{array}{rcl} & \text{II} & \\ \text{I} & - \text{III} & = 217 \\ \text{III} & - \text{II} & = 39 \\ \text{VII} & - \text{II} & = 129 \end{array}$$

$$\text{IV} - \text{III} = 23$$

Juliaff

$$\begin{array}{rcl} \text{I} & - \text{III} & = 37 \\ \text{I} & - \text{I} & = 128 \end{array}$$







United in the  
Union

Amalgamated

to co-operating

Union and the

Office

Long Island

Board of

Hyder Pahl

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA-LOS ANGELES



L 009 978 323 5

Caennian's Book of Avis.

Dover Wilson, The Essential  
Shakespeare

Doe Francis

(Shakespeare  
probably a  
Catholic)

Deviess Journal

